

Money For You In It

When you get a chance like this at clothes like these you had better take advantage of it. The profit is all yours. We are willing to give you our profit as a means of clearing the summer stock.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

Clothes and other good things to wear at less than they are worth.

R. R. COYLE

BEREA, KENTUCKY

A PROPHETIC VOICE

Through the kindness of Professor Robertson we present the following letter from the correspondence of John G. Fee. The writer had the prophetic spirit evidently.

East Hardwick, Vermont,
March 2, 1857.

Rev. John G. Fee:
Dear Sir:

I have just read your communication about a college in Kentucky and published in the American Missionary for March 1857. You say a few men can give you such a college. "I repeat your remark with all my heart. I join with you under God." Yes Sir, Get your own heart in it. Engage a few devout men and women to take hold of God's strength and you can get up a college. They need not be B.D.'s or members of Congress but they must have strong arms and long arms that can reach to heaven and take hold of God's strength.

For your encouragement let me say that when the question about getting up the Theological Institution now in living motion at Bangor was first agitated there was no money, no patronage. A large part of the good people in the State opposed, or were indifferent. But the Institution was needed and there it is. May it prosper forever.

Now my Brother if you want a school or college for Christ, take hold of him with one hand and with the other take hold of the work. You may get cuffs and kicks, never mind them. Old soldiers love to show their scars. Well you must not sound a trumpet and call the enemy to battle.

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WORLD NEWS

Pres. of Haiti Killed by Explosion—
Earthquake in Turkey—English Suffragettes—German Mine Explosion.

PALACE WRECKED

The National Palace at Port Au Prince, Haiti, was wrecked by an explosion on the 8th inst and the President of the Republic was killed. He was elected a year ago. About four hundred persons were killed or injured. It is supposed that the explosion was accidental.

EARTHQUAKE IN TURKEY

A very great loss of life resulted from the earthquake which occurred Aug. 9th at Constantinople, and which was felt disastrously over a much wider area than at first supposed. The death list will reach over one thousand. Fires are reported from many cities in which many buildings were destroyed. Appeals for help are constantly received by the government.

ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

The Woman's Social and Political Union, which heads the militant suffragette movement, issued a statement today regarding the sentence pronounced by the Dublin Court on Wednesday on Mary Leigh, who was sent to jail for five years for wounding John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, with a hatchet she had thrown at Premier Asquith; on Gladys Evans, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for setting fire to the Theater Royal, Dublin, and on Lizzie Baker, who was given seven months' imprisonment as an accomplice of Gladys Evans.

The union defies the authorities calling the sentence an outrage, which was not devised as a punishment to fit the offenses, but to terrorize other women.

GERMAN MINE EXPLOSION

One hundred and three miners were killed by a mine explosion near Bochum, Germany. The Emperor has donated 15,000 Marks to aid the victims.

A LETTER FROM PROF. DODGE

Editor of The Citizen:

A few points personal and political. I have been as busy this summer as though I were not "retired," preaching monthly, doing Sunday school work and picking up "dropped threads."

Mrs. Dodge keeps busy also. No time to ask what she is doing.

Our niece, Helen Kneeland, who is with us this summer expects to study music at Berea the coming year.

Mrs. Dodge and I expect to start for California on the 25th inst to attend the National Encampment at Los Angeles; we plan to be away from here two months. Address us at Los Angeles, Cal., "General Delivery" between Sept. 9th and 31st. Allow six days for the letter's journey.

The political situation is unique. Continued on Page Two

TAFT—ROOSEVELT—WILSON

A three cornered fight affords an interesting spectacle with results not readily predicted. Josh Billings used to say "You can prophesy best afterwards." What the outcome of the present presidential campaign will be no one has yet predicted.

Taft has been in office four years, the heir equally of Roosevelt policies and Roosevelt push. He comes forward as candidate for reelection relying mainly upon his record of four years in the Presidential Chair.

The friends of Mr. Taft claim for him that he has been a "safe" President. That has done the best he could, that his conservative attitude has fostered the business of the country and consequently secured continued prosperity. It is urged that by creation of a Tariff Board he has put that question on a scientific basis. He has pushed forward Panama Canal. The problem of trusts has been vigorously handled by investigation and prosecutions.

The opponents of Mr. Taft urge against him and his party that the campaign pledges have not been redeemed. Notably that the tariff has not been reduced. That the Payne-Aldrich Bill was a mere mockery and an insult to the intelligent voter. That his vetoes of the Tariff bills evidence a mental bias that favors the producer at the expense of the consumer.

It is further alleged that he has not followed the conservation policy of his predecessor but has rather suffered it to fall into disuse if not actually fostering the opposite policy. This is evidenced by his treatment of Pinchot, his favor to Ballegeuer, his disregard of the claim of Dr. Wiley to official consideration based upon valuable services to the nation.

The Reciprocity Measure brought only humiliation to the nation. Moreover it is charged that his Tariff Board is constituted with especial attention to the interest of the producer, that his prosecution of the trusts is but feeble and that he is allied in act and sympathy to the monied interests rather than the money earning masses.

Roosevelt comes forward as the nominee and champion of the progressive party. He is the advocate of progressive ideas, that would adapt the political machinery devised to meet the needs of colonial conditions and development to suit the greater commercial enterprises, the enlarged industries, the complicated and complex legal questions created by the multifarious interests of expanded national life. The machinery of elections should be corrected to secure the rule of the people and destroy the rule of the political bosses. The judiciary should be brought into harmony with the popular will expressed by legislative enactment and that judges should cease to be law-makers. The public utilities should be regulated to prevent favoritism and advance the interests of the people. Water power sites, timber, coal and mineral lands belonging to the public domain should be managed with regard to public interests and to future needs.

Against Roosevelt it is urged that he is ambitious, an office-seeker, an egoist, a paranoiac or other kinds of a maniac that he is the "Big Boss," that he is a foe to stable and sound government.

Gov. Wilson the nominee of the Democratic party has the respect of all as a scholar, a writer, a publicist. He has had a fine, though brief, political record as Governor of New Jersey. He has shown that he can do things political.

He and his party stand preeminently for tariff reduction. Whether they dare to stand for a tariff for revenue only is yet to be seen. Regulation of trusts, prevention of monopoly, the welfare of the industrial worker in Mine, Mill and Factory, the adaptation of Currency laws to popular need, the political life of the Philippines, an open door of opportunity for all, Conservation of forests, water power, mines, and water ways are subjects that enlist his support, with the building of a merchant marine. It will be seen that he stands for much the same policy as the Progressives.

Against Mr. Wilson it is urged that he is a student not a statesman, that he is a theorist, not at heart in sympathy with the laborer, that he will not be able to carry out his policy.

A three-cornered fight. Read, think and then think and read some more—then vote for the man who stands for what you think is right. God save Our Republic!

A LEADER OR A BOSS

The political boss is a menace to liberty and free institutions. He trades in votes. Sometimes he buys them outright. "How much did you get for your vote to-day, Fred?" "Oh! they gave me two and a half!" said half witted Fred, with a sheepish half-ashamed grin. He could vote, also pitch manure and do the rough work on the farm. Sometimes the "Boss" pays for the time of the voter—a day's wage ordinarily, often the voter expects from the boss political favors, appointments to office low or high. The "Boss" may be a "good fellow," amiable, shrewd but always and everywhere, on every measure and at all times, selfish and guarding selfish interests. Tim Sullivan of Bowery fame was a great boss, pious for "the people," ready to look after the sick, the man who went broke, the "out of work," great Christmas feasts, with shoes, gloves, clothing were provided, river excursions free to the women and children, all were provided at "Big Tim's" expense. Of course he got the votes of the Bowery. The "boys" were with him—and also "Big Tim" got the contracts and rose up toward the millionaire mark.

The leader draws men and votes not by patronage nor bribes but by the principles he advocates, by faith in his personality and his cause. The boss has principles but they are "easy principles" easily shifted to suit personal ends. The leader is patriotic, the boss professes to be but he stands ready to make money on the contract for the flag for the army. Boss and leader are hardly convertible terms. Follow the leader but 'ware the boss.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER

How many housekeepers can decide what food to provide, what will strengthen the health and vigor of husband and children? The Home Science article on page 3 discusses the nourishment of food, the cost and its digestibility. Read the article.

The Cob Man's story told by Prof. Lewis who sees and hears more than most of us, told on page 3, will show you how to add 10 to 15 bushels to the corn yield per acre. Also read in the State News the Crop report for Kentucky, then meditate, then plow deeper and make more home fertilizer.

Prof. Dodge's letter will interest his old friends while old time Bereans will find Prof. Robertson's contribution from the letters of John G. Fee of interest.

WHAT DOES YOUR DATE LABEL SAY? TELL US.

GOSPEL EXTENSION WORK

Editor The Citizen:

You will want to know what we mountain people are doing. Well, we are busy and happy. We arrived in Climax all right last Tuesday evening about dark. Set up our tents in a grove not far from the entrance to one of the caves and right here let me say it is well worth a journey of many miles to visit these great caverns, washed beneath the hills by streams that were old when Abraham was a boy. It is a weird experience to follow some of these Climax young men down the narrow passage through which one makes a humble entrance on his knees, then to straighten up and by the aid of lanterns that seem like mere fire-flies in the eternal darkness, to stroll down these water washed, echoing passages, full of curious geological formations and the still more curious effects of freakish erosion; climbing up rocky masses only to slip, slide and clamber down ancient water falls, peer into dark passages and

Continued on Page Five

Oliver Cultivators

Simplest and Best—
Guaranteed even to
the color of the paint

CHRISMAN'S

"THE FURNITURE MAN"

UNITED STATES NEWS IN OUR OWN STATE

Progressive Nominees—Negroes and the Progressive Party—Gov. Wilson Accepted—Congress—Coal Lands For Cities.

PROGRESSIVE NOMINEES

Roosevelt and Johnson is the Presidential ticket of The Progressive Party. Johnson is the governor of California, who made a strong speech at the Taft Convention. He will stump the East. Roosevelt expects to speak in forty states.

NEGROES AND THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

Col. Roosevelt acknowledges that the Progressives came near a split over the Negro Question. We succeeded finally in bringing all our people to realize that to keep out the venal type and let the southern end of the party manage the local problems as best they could was the only way out. He said, "We took a bold stand but we will organize a party in the south that will embrace the decent element of the Negro race."

GOV. WILSON ACCEPTS

Governor Wilson in his speech of acceptance of the Democratic nomination to the Presidency discussed the heart of the platform, reserving special topics for a future time. He said in part: "We must speak not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning point in their moral and political development."

"Plainly it is a new age," he went on. "It requires self-restraint not to attempt too much, and yet it would be cowardly to attempt too little."

"In the broad light of this new day we stand face to face with what? Plainly, not with questions of party, not with a contest for office, not with a petty struggle for advantage. With great questions of right and justice, rather questions of national development, of the development."

Continued on Page Two

Death of Major Watt—Taft Elector Resigns—Lake Lost—Good Roads Day—Catholic Press Meeting.

DEATH OF MAJOR WATTS

Major W. W. Watts died at his home, Elmwood, at Richmond on the 11th, aged 70, one of the wealthiest citizens of Madison County. He owned several thousand acres of land near Dallas, Texas.

TAFT ELECTOR RESIGNS

P. D. Black of Barbourville nominated Presidential Elector on the Republican ticket, resigns as he is in favor of Roosevelt.

LAKE LOST

A twenty-five acre lake that first appeared nine months ago on the farm of Chas. Boyd, near Newstead, has rapidly disappeared this week, leaving great numbers of various kinds of fish for the gathering.

GOOD ROADS DAY

Tuesday, Aug. 20, is appointed as Good Roads day by the Court of Christian County. The order reads in part:

"It is ordered by the court that Thursday, August 15, 1912, be and the same is hereby designated by the court as 'Good Roads day' in Christian County, and all patriotic, all able-bodied men, with their employees, owning or renting land in this county, are requested to devote that day to the repair of the public roads and turnpikes and ditches along their land, and to cleaning up along the right-of-way, as a contribution toward making the roads of this county the best in Western Kentucky and to help make this the best county."

"The lands are yours and the roads are yours, and the roads are the most important parts of your lands."

CATHOLIC PRESS MEETING

The second annual meeting of the Catholic Press Association with one hundred delegates will meet in Louisville, Aug. 16 and 17th. All editors and publishers of Catholic papers

(Continued on Page Two)

Last Call of This Season

Mr. Property Owner of Eastern Ky:

If you want us to look after your Roofs while we are in this part of the state YOU MUST WRITE TO ME AT ONCE.

It costs to travel. I must see you as we make our circuit. Don't wait till we see you—write to-day. If you want any reference write to R. B. Roberts, the County Attorney of Leslie Co., at Hyden.

We are Covering the Court House here with Taylor's Old Style Tin Plate. The real thing—no imitation.

HENRY LENGFELLNER, Tinner,
HYDEN, KY.

A word to my Old Customers of Madison and Garrard County.

10% off on all mail orders you send to me. I can do a great deal more work and thus do it for less money if you let me know a little ahead of time what you want done. I can arrange my trip so I can do one-half jobs on the same trip which save at least 10%.

The Citizen

A family newspaper for all that is right, true and interesting.

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BEREA PUBLISHING CO.

(Incorporated)

J. P. Faulkner, Editor and Manager.

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KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

Gov. Wilson on the Tariff

In his speech accepting the nomination to the Presidency, Governor Wilson said of the tariff:

TARIFF AND BUSINESS

The tariff question as dealt with in our time at any rate, has not been business. It has been politics. Tariff schedules have been made up for the purpose of keeping as large a number as possible of the rich and influential manufacturers of the country in a good humor with the Republican party, which desired their constant financial support. The tariff has become a system of favors, which the pharisees of the schedule have often deliberately contrived to conceal. It becomes a matter of business, of legitimate business, only when the partnership and understanding it represents is between the leaders of Congress and the whole people of the United States. Instead of between the leaders of Congress and small groups of manufacturers demanding special recognition and consideration.

"That is why the general idea of representative government becomes a necessary part of the tariff question. Who, when you come down to the hard facts of the matter, have been represented in recent years when our tariff schedules were being discussed and determined, not on the floor of Congress, for that is not where they have been determined, but in the committee rooms and the conference? That is the heart of the whole affair. Will you, can you, bring the whole people into the partnership or not? No one is discontented with representative government; it falls under the question only when it ceases to be representative. It is at bottom a question of good faith and morals.

POLICY OF PROTECTION

"How does the present tariff look in the light of it? I say nothing for the moment about the policy of protection, conceived and carried out as a disinterested statesman might conceive it. Our own clear conviction as Democrats is, that in the last analysis the only safe and legitimate object of tariff duties, as of taxes of every other kind is to raise revenue for the support of the Government; but that is not my present point.

"We denounce the Payne-Aldrich tariff act as the most conspicuous example ever afforded the country of the special favors and monopolistic advantages which the leaders of the Republican party have so often shown themselves willing to extend to those to whom they looked for campaign contributions. Tariff duties, as they have employed them, have not been a means of setting up an equitable system of protection. They have been, on the contrary, a method of fostering special privilege. They have made it easy to establish monopoly in our domestic markets. Trusts have owed their origin and their secure power to them. The economic freedom of our people, our prosperity in trade, our untrammelled energy in manufacture, depend upon our reconsideration from top to bottom in an entirely different spirit.

A PROPHETIC VOICE

Continued from page one

tie. Move silently as possible, until you have secured your position. At once it is hinted that you are going to any place, lands will soon rise from ten to thirty dollars.

Don't set out too large, build not your house too high; sing small, you will sing the longer. Secure funds, buildings will soon come of themselves. You have heard of Tennant's Log College in New Jersey. It will be well to select a position where there is good water power, that may support a village of four or five thousand people. These will help the farm-

ers and College professors, etc.

You can, I have no doubt get as many colonists as you want in Connecticut or Massachusetts. See that they are the right kind of men. Twenty in the colony and a good minister, and your nest egg would be laid. These must be the nucleus.

Now the great difficulty will be to get hold of a tract of land, large enough for your purpose, and not excite the cupidity of the owners and induce them to raise the price. Could you induce Gerrit Smith or some noted man to secure six or seven thousand acres, it would be noble.

I would have manual labor for the students. Good seamen must be formed at sea. Good generals in the field. Good ministers in the closet and in the field. Set your students to work; let them go out into the region round about and there learn how to use the shield and the sword. Practice makes perfect. See what the Methodists have done with their raw troops. Your churches should have a general superintendence over the college by their ministers or some way. This will attach them to the college and help bind them to each other; but they must have no control over the Board or Faculty.

You will need but few books to begin with. A library well selected of 400 books will keep your boys a reading some time. For Theology the Bible is worth all the books man ever wrote. Read the Bible to see what it does teach, not to see what you can make it say to support your preconceived opinions.

Well, what good will all this do. I am an old man of 87, worn out and can neither fight nor run very well; but I have seen some service, and know how sweet is sympathy to the heart. This I tender with all my heart. The God of Wisdom direct you, give you courage, perseverance, and crown your efforts with success. Yours cordially in Christ our Lord.

Kiah Bayley.

LETTER FROM PROF. DOOBIE

Continued from First Page

It is rash to attempt a forecast of the general result, when it is impossible to tell where any individual stands unless one hears from him direct. One point is settled, that there is to be an extensive party realignment, because the living issues are so different from those of the past. It is worthy of notice that, with all the bitterness of at least one of the dominating campaigns, the people as a whole are less divided than usual. Some of the most exciting presidential primaries did not bring out half of the party vote. The majority refused to be excited. This is because the divisions are personal rather than based upon principles.

A word to conjure by is now "Progressiveness." I do not know of any public man or private citizen who will admit that he is not a progressive. Of course the changed conditions of society and business call for some modification of law and governmental policy. This is progressiveness. The American people probably were never so nearly unanimous upon one point as in the belief that we need such regulation of the moneyed interests as will secure large opportunity for the masses of the people.

The country is in no danger from the next presidential election. The platforms of the three parties supposed to be in the lead are innocent documents. If some things of doubtful expediency are promised, never mind. Platforms are baits for voters more than charts to guide those elected. The personnel of the candidates is now of more importance than usual. Which will be the most conscientious and prudent?

Fortunately all are able and experienced. All have the strongest incentives to advance the general interest of the people. If we accept the predictions of those managing the campaigns, then the Democratic candidate is to have the unanimous vote of the electoral college. It won't be so. But if it should approach that the heavens will not fall. We should have a Chief Magistrate of large intellectual acquirements, varied experience, tried fidelity, high moral and Christian character, and courage to stand against Tammany if need be. It might teach the Republicans a lesson of charity to have such a Democratic President for four years.

L. V. Dodge.

Unicoi, Tenn.

UNITED STATES NEWS

Continued from First Page

ment of character and of standards of action no less than of a better business system.

"The forces of the nation are asserting themselves against every form of special privilege and private control, and are seeking bigger things than they have ever heretofore achieved."

CONGRESS

The present Congress has been in session over 250 days, but few sessions have exceeded this in length. All tariff legislation has been blocked by the vetoes of the President.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The eighth president of the United States was a native of Kinderhook, N. Y. He became president in 1837 at the age of fifty-five and died at Kinderhook in 1862. Like his great predecessor, Jackson, he was a Democrat. He was secretary of state under Jackson for a time and was vice president during Jackson's second term. His administration was distinguished chiefly by the establishment of the independent treasury system for the care and disbursement of public moneys. Van Buren was a candidate for president at three succeeding elections, but suffered defeat each time.

A speedy adjournment is expected. The President vetoed the Wool Bill, alleging too great a reduction that would bring disaster to the industries.

"I shall stand by my pledge to maintain a degree of protection necessary to offset the difference in cost of production here and abroad, and will heartily approve of any bill reducing duties to this level," wrote Mr. Taft.

On Aug. 13th the House passed the Wool Bill over the President's veto by a vote of 174 to 50.

President Taft has declared that he will sign the Panama Canal Bill passed by the Senate. This grants free tolls to American people and prohibits the use of the canal by ships that are owned by Railroad corporations and by trusts that exist in the violation of the law. The bill also provides for the government of the Canal zone by one man. Senator Lodge claims that this bill will give rise to international complications respecting the canal.

COAL LANDS FOR CITIES

Secretary Fisher proposes that Congress shall grant 640 acres of coal land to the city of Grand Junction, Colorado, in accordance with his general scheme for allotting 640 acres of coal land to cities which may operate the mines as a municipal enterprise. Under the provisions of his bill each town would receive 160 acres. The bill provides for the prompt and continuous development for city use and provides against any assignment or transfer of the land with a reversionary clause.

HARLAN FUND

A movement has been started by the members of the Bar of the Supreme court to raise a fund of \$40,000 for the benefit of the widow and daughters of Justice John M. Harlan.

NEW YORK CHURCHES COMBINE
The New York Federation of Churches are devising a plan for the most comprehensive use of laymen in Sunday School and social service work ever known which will in part be educational and in part plan for the training of laymen workers and Sunday School teachers with a chain of Bible classes for adults.

DETROIT GRAFT

Eighteen city officials of Detroit, Michigan, are now under arrest in connection with the local graft scandal in the Herd of Aldermen who are charged with the conspiracy to accept bribes from the Wabash railroad.

DR. WILEY'S SUCCESSOR

Dr. R. E. Doherty has been appointed to succeed Dr. Wiley as pure food expert for the United States Department of Agriculture. His name would indicate that he is the man that many of the packing houses want on the job.

HELD CAPTIVE

Bessie Wynan, aged 23, was delivered from captivity by Sheriff Harris of Barstow, Cal., who found her held a prisoner in Mike O'Malley's cabin in the Kramer Desert, where she had been secluded for three years.

GREAT BIRTHDAY GIFTS

Julius Rosenwald of Chicago on his fiftieth birthday gave \$687,500 to education and charity, a half million dollars was divided between the University of Chicago and the Jewish Associated Charities. Booker Washington receives \$25,000.

THE ROSENTHAL CASE

Sam Schepps was arrested at Hot Springs in connection with the Ros-

enthal New York murder. It is believed that he can give very important information.

SECRETARY KNOX GOES TO JAPAN

The Japanese newspapers express high appreciation of the coming of Secretary Knox to attend the funeral of the Emperor, Mutsuhito on Sept. 12th.

IN OUR OWN STATE

(Continued from first page)

and periodicals are eligible to membership.

DEMOCRATIC RATIFICATION

Sept. 15th is the date set by Chairman J. M. Campbell of the Democratic state committee as a date for the ratification meeting and opening of the state campaign. It is expected that the event will end 30,000 Democrats, Wilson, Underwood and Clark will be among the speakers.

30,000 CHECKS TO TOBACCO POOLERS

The Barby Tobacco Co. will pay out \$2,000,000 in 30,000 checks to members of the Association. The company will continue business under the 10 year Co-operative Pooling and Profit Plan.

LIBERTY COLLEGE IS CLOSED

The Liberty Association has sold to the Educational Board of Warren County the grounds and buildings of Liberty College which cost \$60,000 for \$19,400. It will be converted into a High School.

KENTUCKY CROPS

The Kentucky crop reports for 1912 shows the wheat yield to be 2.5 bushels per acre. The standard cost for producing wheat is \$12.50. On this basis Kentucky wheat growers have been losing \$3.20 an acre. The yield of rye is 10.11 bushels per acre, barley 26 bushels and oats 25.1 bushels. The corn crop is estimated at 85.4 per cent. The tobacco crop is not very promising; still rains may help. Potatoes show a yield of 96 per cent. Apples are estimated at three-fourths of a crop. That farmer will be ahead who has plenty of live stock.

GOLD NEAR CUMBERLAND GAP

Mr. H. P. Eldridge of Hose Hill, Va., is endeavoring to dispose of a gold-bearing vein, 18 miles from Cumberland Gap to Mr. J. S. Hargard and others. The ore has been assayed at the government station and the report shows \$11.50 of gold and \$1.57 of silver to the ton of ore, with a valuable trace of copper. The vein is near the alleged location of the historical Swift Mines.

PROGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN

The State Central Committee of the Progressive party will meet at Louisville, Sept. 2nd, at the Galt House, at which time the program of the campaign will be made. Col. Roosevelt is expected to make one speech in the state, also Gov. Johnson. Other speakers are Senator Beveridge and Representative Landis of Indiana.

Safety Valve for Vesuvius

An Italian scientist proposed to supply a safety valve for Vesuvius by boring a tunnel in the base of the mountain and letting the lava escape into the sea. His idea is to bore the tunnel while the crater is in a state of coma, and he believes that when the volcano becomes active such a channel would be sufficient to carry away the lava, says Popular Mechanics. His whole proposal, however, is not to let the lava escape altogether, but to run it into molds and make it into blocks for use in the streets and quays of Naples.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

SMALL HINGES.

A little runt of a boy came shyly forward to meet Mrs. Jones, who, tired with her shopping, sat down on a stool in the towel department of the big store.

Mrs. Jones owned a large hotel and was buying supplies.

It was the boy's first day at the counter. He had just been promoted from the stock room, where he had made good.

"What is this ball of towel worth—hotel rates?"

The striding eyes bulged. "I'll have to ask the head of the department. This is my first day selling goods. Please excuse me, madam, for just a moment."

Hushing to his senior, he eagerly made the inquiry.

"Are you sure she wants a whole bolt?" said the department head. "Tell her I'll be there in a moment and wait on her myself."

The boy's face fell. And—

What was it? Something in the drooping face of the young salesman? Anyway, when the head clerk came forward, briskly rubbing his hands, Mrs. Jones said:

"Excuse me; this boy is waiting on me. If you will give him the price we shall get along very well."

They did get along. And when the woman's bill was footed up it came to \$20. Ninety dollars? Wouldn't they stare when he turned in his little sales book on his first day's showing?

And this is the sequel:

Mrs. Jones became a regular customer of the boy, who was always attentive and obliging, and brought her friends to the counter.

Very soon the boy got a raise in salary and is now the head of the department. And he will go higher.

It was a little thing for a tired woman to do, but—

It was a big thing for the boy and gave him his first chance as a salesman.

The fact is—

Little things are the hinges on which big things turn.

Why not emulate the woman's thoughtfulness? You and I probably never will do any big things in our lives, but we can do little things in a big way.

Can we not?

A thoughtful hint, a kind word, a little boost—these are worth more than rooms of paper read at the woman's club or banquet speeches on the "uplift."

PEG LEGGED OPTIMISM.

A friend sends us the story of John Goodwin, cripple.

In 1910 Goodwin moved on to a farm near West Point, Ga. It was a small brush farm and required much clearing to prepare it for crops. One day his brother, who was helping him, accidentally shot Goodwin in the leg.

Amputation became necessary, the limb being cut off just below the knee.

Goodwin was without money and had a family to support, but he did not give up hope.

In a few weeks he was hobbling about on crutches directing things. The neighbors kindly helped him out, and, crippled as he was, he succeeded in raising fourteen bales of cotton and some corn.

Then he got a peg leg.

He moved the next winter to a larger place, which was also a brush farm. He went vigorously to work clearing the land. In speaking of his work this indomitable cripple says:

"I did as much plowing as ever I did in one season—on my peg leg."

There's a picture for you—plowing on a peg leg!

Moreover, he says:

"I made sixteen bales of cotton and some corn, besides raising some fine shot for my meat and land. I may come out in debt some, but I am not downsome."

Now—

One might suppose Goodwin would be satisfied with having cleared two farms in as many years, but in a recent letter he says:

"I have got new ground this year and am preparing it while it is too wet for anything else. I am going to raise more corn this year. I forgot to tell you about my hay. I cut and hauled twenty big loads."

How is that for a cripple?

One cannot but wonder what Goodwin might be able to do with two good legs. And the optimism of the man is good to think about.

Some there are who besides being maimed in limb are lamed in mind, but not John Goodwin.

When he was shot in the leg he was not wounded in spirit.

You can cripple a man's body, but you can't unke his mind go on crutches.

John Goodwin's leg lies moldering in the tomb, but his soul goes marching on.

SUCCESSFUL SUCCESS.

April 24 there died in the city of Chicago one of the very few successful men who have ever lived.

Inference is here made to the late Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the fine souled philanthropist, who lived ninety-two years.

Having accumulated a fortune of \$7,000,000 by real estate investments, he started when eighty years of age to give it away. He helped endow

more than fifty small, struggling colleges, because he believed the small college afforded poor young people the best chance. He also gave largely to charity and for fifty years aided young men to get an education.

Dr. Pearsons gave away every dollar of his big fortune, reserving only a small life annuity to keep his soul and body together till death.

He was doubly successful.

Many men have known the satisfaction of making much money. Few have known both the joy and pride of the victor in making a fortune and the pride and joy of the philanthropist in giving every bit of it away. He was twice successful.

He lived a completed life.

Which is a rare accomplishment. Death when it comes to most men finds them with unfinished plans, or, if their plans are successfully worked out, there yet remains the problem of the successful administration of their affairs when they shall be dead. They "heap up riches knowing not who will gather it." They know the lawyers will gather some. And they fear lest the heirs may dissipate the remainder.

Dr. Pearsons was his own executor. He successfully administered his estate while living. And he had the pleasure in the disbursement of his wealth of seeing the good it would do. His money went where he wanted it to go and for the good of mankind.

Successful old man!

He went to the limit of benevolence. Other millionaires give away money, but not all of it. Some of them cannot keep up with the natural increase and are in grave danger of "the disgrace of dying rich." Giving all, Dr. Pearsons, of all the rich men of his day, was the one successful giver.

Success?

Success is like a pyramid. Broad at the base, broad as the thronging millions who live their little day and win or fail. Towering upward, its form narrows and scattered along its sides are the few who have been fairly successful. At its top—its bright figures lit up with the pure sunshine of merited fame—are the very few who have lived a completed and successful life.

Of these the gentle hearted nonagenarian who died in Chicago was one.

GOOD ROADS WORK.

Residents of Two Texas Towns Drag Highway.

Residents living on the "Scottsville loop," as the two connected roads running from Marshall to Scottsville, Tex., are called, have been assisting the county in maintaining the roads lately with results that are little short of marvelous. The county's dirt roads have been pretty badly cut up as a result of the continued winter rains.

Lately there has been some advocacy of the split log drag on the roads, the suggestion including the idea that those living along the different roads render a little assistance to the limited county forces by hauling the drags over the roads themselves occasionally.

The people on the Scottsville loop have done so, and automobilists who have been out that way report the roads in as fine condition as any in the county. The drags were used immediately after one of the heaviest rains of the winter, with the result stated. The work was wholly done by the residents along these roads under the supervision of a road overseer.

Shall Roads in Florida.

The construction of shell roads in Florida has advanced greatly of late, three and one-half miles of solid shell road between Ocala and Bradenton having been completed.

This is one of the finest pieces of road in that section, built of solid shell fifteen inches deep, at a cost of about \$3,000 per mile.

The Bartlesville-Nowata highway is the latest project in Oklahoma.

GOOD ROAD MAXIMS.

Start with a system.

Good roads will increase the trading radius of any town or city.

Bad roads cost more than good roads.

Surfacing has been receiving too much attention at the expense of drainage.

You ought to take up the good roads question.

The most expansive way is often the cheapest in the end.

Maintenance of roads is as important as their construction and is not enough discussed.

The most expensive transportation of farm products is from the farm to the railroad station.

Good intentions are said to pave roads only in a region where nobody wants to use them.

Good hard roads are the only sure foundation upon which cheaper transportation can stand.

It is not uncommon in the country to see children wading through deep mud on their way to school.

Study conditions and build your road suitable to the traffic with due regard to the probable maintenance.

Good roads help business, stimulate trade, put money in circulation and increase values.—Good Roads.

Look After the Ewes.

The breeding ewes, in addition to good pasture, should from now until breeding time have some grain, in order that they may be brought up in good condition in September.



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS DOOMED

Not Believed This Government Can Permanently Endure Half License and Half Prohibition.

(By ILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.)
In contemplating the prohibition situation in our country, permit me to adapt a paragraph from a famous classic:

"We believe that this government cannot permanently endure half license and half prohibition. We do not expect the nation will be destroyed on this great question, but we do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become the one thing or the other—either the license advocates will push the liquor traffic further until it becomes a law of the land, or the states and in every locality in our country, or the opponents of the licensed liquor traffic will arrest its further spread and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction."

Certainly the Woman's Christian Temperance union believes that the liquor traffic is on the way to destruction, for,

"The voice of warning has gone abroad. The time grows ripe for the hour of God."

In every state the question of what shall be done with the liquor traffic is up for consideration. In every state more or less has been done toward the settlement of the question.

USE ALCOHOL AS STIMULANT

Where Seventy-five Years Ago It Averaged \$1.48 Per Patient, Now Costs Three Cents.

Seventy-five years ago the bill for alcoholic stimulants averaged \$1.48 per patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital. In 1911 the average cost of alcoholic stimulants of all kinds, per patient, was less than three cents in the largest hospitals in the United States—Bellevue in New York and Cook County hospital in Chicago. On an average the hospitals today are using only one-tenth as much alcohol per patient as they were twenty-five years ago. In other words, whiskey, wine and beer are falling into disuse as medicines.

There are now four hospitals in the United States which give no alcoholic medicines. Their death rates are remarkably low. About 400 physicians of the old school in the United States absolutely refuse to give alcohol, and nearly all of the new schools are against its internal use. When the allopathic physicians met in their last national gathering a motion was made to strike alcohol out of the pharmacopoeia. The motion was lost, but the hot discussion it evoked showed which way the wind blows.

A Suggestion to Housewives.
To give a fruity flavor to mince meat open a can of fruit with a rich or sub-acid flavor, such as cherries, plums, or grapes, and drain the juice into it. It will be better than any wine flavored mince meat you ever ate, and will create no appetite for strong drinks.

This reminds me that one time on the menu of a dining car the only dessert was cottage pudding with wine sauce. The W. C. T. U. traveler pointed to her white ribbon and said, "I'll have to go without." Whereupon the waiter whispered, "It's just cherry juice, lady, just cherry juice!"

Shall It Be This?
Potatoes and salt, with a crust of bread.
For the best little woman the Lord ever made.
While the rum-seller's wife feeds on turkey and wine,
Bought with my money, if so I incline;
This shall it be,
For mine and for me!

Tatters and rags for my own little one,
My fair, comely baby, my own darling son;
While the rum-seller's children go warm and well clad,
On my earnings, wrested from my bonny lad;
This shall it be,
For mine and for me!

Did You Know It?
We run the government, pay the most liberal pensions of any nation of the world, and more of them; we have a public school system of which we are intensely proud; we have universities, colleges, academies and normal schools all over our broad land; we pay in the United States fifteen and sixteen years' schooling for twenty-five million children. And yet the cost of government, of pensions and of education combined is but two-thirds the amount of our drink bill.

Moral Light.
No man has a moral right to do that which, if the whole world should follow his example, as some are sure to do, will produce more harm than good.—Neal Dow, Father of the Maine prohibition law.

A Sign of the Times.
The highest street-car advertising company in America refused, for righteousness sake, a \$150,000 contract, for a three years' campaign of education by advertising-cards in the cars, urging the use of beer.

MADE OVER NURSERY RHYME.



Little Bo-Peep sat fast asleep
Beneath a big tree near the sty;
A pig, round and fat,
Ran her eye she sat,
And said with a grunt: "O-ho-my!"
And little Bo-Peep stayed fast asleep
Till a bee buzzing round stung her ear!
Then up she did spring
And cried: "What a sting!
I would best get away from here."
So home she did go (and not very slow)
And showed to dear Mother her ear;
And dear Mother said,
As she wrapped up her head:
"A naughty bee stung you, my dear."

DAY'S DIET FOR SCHOOLBOYS

Appetite is Best Guide, Says Prominent London Physiologist—Faw Important Essentials.

The subject of school feeding, on which a conference is to be held at the London Guildhall, was discussed recently by a prominent London physiologist, says the Daily Mail of that city.

"As to the actual amount of food a schoolboy needs, the appetite is the safest guide," he stated. "Four meals a day are required. Breakfast is always an important meal with the schoolboy (particularly if he has had a light supper the night before) and is should be a full, hearty meal."

"It may begin with a moderate dish of porridge, with plenty of sugar and rich milk; after this eggs and bacon or fish, plenty of bread and butter, weak tea (made with hot milk) and a moderate amount of marmalade. A raw apple makes an excellent ending for breakfast. By 11 o'clock a rusk or dry biscuit and a glass of cold milk will probably be appreciated."

"Dinner at one o'clock should be the heavy meal of the day and should combine a generous amount of all of the three important food elements—protein (meats and cheese), fats and carbohydrates (starches and sugars). Vegetable soup, roast or boiled butcher's meats, green vegetables and potatoes and a pudding or cold sweet form a reasonable menu. The child should drink water with his dinner, not milk, as the latter when taken with heavy food retards digestion."

"Regularity of meal times and plenty of time over the meals (to prevent the 'bolting' of food) are also of the utmost importance if the full benefit of the food is to be obtained."

FIND PLEASURE ON COASTER

Vehicle Is Operated by Small Boy Pumping Vertical Handle—Won't Go Backwards.

An improvement on boys' coasters has been made by an Illinois man. This vehicle, like some other coasters, is operated by the rider pumping a vertical handle which moves back and forth and propels the car by each motion. In this coaster, however, there is no lost motion, and when coasting the handle, instead of banging about dangerously, is at rest. Also, the mechanism is so arranged that the wheels can not turn backward, thus preventing it from rolling backward down a steep hill if the boy gets exhausted pumping it up. If the



Boys' New Coaster.

coaster gets along too fast down a hill when it is headed that way a very effective brake can be brought into play and stop it at once. The vehicle is designed to safeguard the boy, as well as give him pleasure.

Honey Fudge.

One and one-half cups of white sugar, one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of milk, one ten-cent bottle of honey, tablespoon of vinegar, small piece of butter. Boil sugar and milk until it forms a soft ball in water, add the honey and boil until it forms a soft ball in water, add vinegar and butter, heat until creamy.

Once Was Enough.

"I wonder," mused little Harry, who was studying his Sunday school lesson, "if men will ever live to be 500 or 600 years old again?"
"No, I guess not," replied his six-year-old sister. "The Lord tried the experiment once and they got so bad he had to drown most of them."

OUR TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by Prof. Charles D. Lewis

The Seed Ear's Story

Use the Story in the School

In connection with this story have the children start a contest in selecting seed corn.

Teach them from the story what it takes to make a good ear, and when it should be selected. Also how it should be cared for during the winter.

Have as many boys, and girls, too, as will select ten of the finest ears that they can find in the field of their father and bring it to the school for an exhibit. The corn, when hung upon the wall will make an ornament to the house, and at the same time interest and instruct the children.

At the end of the term see to it that the corn is taken home to be used as seed next year.

This story and the one printed a few weeks ago can be had in leaflet form by anyone who wishes to send 2 cents to the writer.

The Seed Ear's Story

I had been tramping through a large cornfield all afternoon with my friend, watching him select seed corn, and when I went to my room at night I was very tired. It had been one of those perfect September days, clear, still, hot in the sunshine, cool in the shade, when it is a joy to live on a farm.

A fine supper had rested me, but I had made me sleepy as well, so I told my friend good night early and went to my room. I did not go to bed at once, however, as I wished to look over a fine basket of seed corn which he had given me, and see if I could remember all of the things which he had said that it takes to make a good seed ear.

I took a number of the ears out of the basket and placed them on the table in front of me, putting the one in the center which the farmer had said was "good enough to take a prize anywhere."

As I looked at them my head began to nod, but suddenly I sat up with a jerk and looked hard at my corn. Surely my prize ear had spoken to me! In a moment there was no doubt about it, for it spoke again.

"I beg your pardon sir," it said, "I fear I have spoiled your nap. I am very sorry."

"Do not make any excuses, please," I replied. "If you will talk to me I will be glad to listen to you all night. I wish you would tell me just what it is that makes you better than the other ears, and how you came to grow as you have. That was what I was thinking about when I fell asleep."

"Very well," answered the ear, "but I like to see people clearly when I talk to them. I have to look out between these grains now, and I can scarcely see you. Please shift some of them off on the side next to you, and then I can see you all right."

I did as I was asked to do, and soon found a fine little face smiling at me. It was the Corn Cob Man, the son of Mother Corn Stalk, who holds all of her babies for her.

"You never saw me before, did you?" he said with a laugh. "We 'Cob Men' usually die before the grains are taken off of us, and if we do not, we draw out faces so far back into our bodies that no one ever sees us. I am very strong and may live quite a while yet, though my work is all done."

"There are a number of things about me which make me a good ear," he continued. "In the first place my body, the cob, as you call it, is strong and light and of medium size. It will not break easily, and waste the grains, it dries out quickly after I am dead and put into the crib, and yet it is not so large as to take up more room than is necessary."

"Then you will notice that you cannot see my body anywhere except at the end where it grew fast to the stalk. In most cases a little of the Cob Man's body shows at the tip, but mine is covered with nice fat grains. In that way I could hold much more corn."

"My rows are all straight, too, and run my whole length. This, also enables me to hold more grains."

"If you will take me up and try to bend or twist me, you will find another good thing about me."

I did as he suggested, and found that the whole ear was almost as solid as a stone.

"Do you know why I am so solid? It is because my grains are packed so full of food for the babies wrapped in them, that they are pressed tightly together. If you will notice, their shape you will see that they are like little wedges, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom. That makes them fit close all along. All fine ears have their grain like that. See how long they are, too. I have more corn on me than many ears that are larger than I am."

"Another reason why the farmer selected me was because I grew close to the stalk on a short shank."

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed that, and also that there was another ear on the stalk, almost as large as you are."

"My people all do that way when they are well fed," he answered. "Only a few used to do it, but for years this farmer has been going through his fields each fall as he did to-day and taking the finest ears from the best stalk that had two ears on them. Of course children are like their parents, so from year to year we have become more and more like the corn he wants us to be. It pays him well to do this, for we now give him ten to fifteen bushels more corn to each acre than we did when he began to care for us in this way."

"All of the corn babies in my grains are not of the same kind exactly. Some are better than others. I suppose it is that way with all children. If you plant them you should go through the field and take your seed from only the best of them again next fall. Some may make ears that are real 'scrubs,' for mother still has a little bad blood in her."

"Our farmer treats us well in other ways, too. Did you notice how soft and fine the soil is? And there is not a weed anywhere. He plows the ground deep and breaks all of the clods up before he puts the seed in. Then he only lifts the top of the soil enough to kill the weeds and keep the Waterboys from flying away, so that our roots are never harmed. They scarcely ever strike a clod, so that they can go as deep as they like hunting for food."

"Besides this he never plants us twice in the same field without growing some other crop in it for two or three years. One of these crops is always clover or some one of the Clover family, and they take food from the air for us, you know. Then he always feeds every bit of our stalks and leaves and grain to his animals, and they make great loads of manure which he puts on the land for us."

I do not know how much longer he might have talked, had not the farmer's dog barked at this point. The noise seemed to frighten my Little Cob Man friend, for his face disappeared and I never saw him again.

Though he was gone, I have never forgotten his story or the vision of his happy little face. I often think of him as I see fields of corn growing or loads of it taken to market. I always remember the work of the Cob men, bearing upon their bodies the Corn babies with the food that Mother Corn provides for them.

Home Course In Domestic Science

II.—Selection of Food.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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THE wise selection of food, to suit the individual needs of each member of the family, requires the consideration of at least these three questions:

1. Is the food nutritious?

2. Is the food comparatively easy to digest?

3. Is the food reasonable in cost?

The subject is so important that it should engage the heart and head as well as the hand of the woman who presides over a family. It is sufficiently important, too, to demand some thought from every individual who values his good health and general well being. It has been frequently stated by physicians and philanthropists that three-fourths of the sickness in the world, one-half the drunkenness and a large percentage of the crime have in their beginning and their cause in poor food and bad cooking. This being the case, can there be any topic of greater value for our lesson this week than the very old question, "What shall we eat?"

First I should like to impress upon my readers that "we eat to live" rather than "live to eat;" that, while there should be genuine pleasure in the simple act of eating, this pleasure ought to be experienced when the food is of simple variety. The pleasure is a certainty when the food has been carefully and appetizingly prepared and when hunger is a companion at the meal. The appetite which relishes only expensive foods and foods out of season is abnormal and is certain to bring disaster to its possessor. This disaster may be an attack of rheumatism or some form of dyspepsia, or it may be a depleted bank account.

What Food Is.
In order to fulfill its office food must either build and repair tissue or it must give heat and energy to the body, and it should do these things at as little unnecessary expense of physical energy as possible. According to its function all kinds of food are divided into five classes. These are the tissue building foods, the fat foods, starches and sugars, mineral matter and water. Each one of these classes has its particular duty to perform for the body and therefore has its especial place on the daily bill of fare. Any food material, no matter how simple and well known or how rare, contains two or more of these five classes. A few of the standard materials contain all five classes.

For instance, what do we find in a loaf of bread? A great deal of starch and some gluten from the flour, a little fat from the flour and more if it has been added in the making, some mineral matter and about 35 per cent of water. Meat also has fat, mineral matter and a substance found in the lean part which is called proteid and which is the tissue building property of the meat. The elements which compose these different classes of food correspond with the elements in the body; hence their necessity. It is chiefly from the food which we eat that we obtain those elements which are necessary for the support of life and the functions of the body.

The Duty of the Five Classes.
Now that we have seen what an important place in life our daily food occupies let us endeavor to learn to which class or classes certain commonly used foods belong. The tissue building foods, or the proteid foods, are not numerous, but so important are they that life cannot be sustained for any length of time without them. This class of food has been given the name proteid, a word meaning "great" or "pre-eminent," because it alone of the five classes is able to build tissue and to repair the daily waste of the cells of the body. The proteids alone contain nitrogen, and nitrogen is one of the elements necessary to life. The following table classifies some of our common foods according to their principal constituents, also gives their source and use in the body:

SOURCE AND USE OF THE CHIEF FOOD CONSTITUENTS.

	Source	Use in the Body
PROTEIDS	Meats Fish Eggs Milk Cheese Peas Beans Gluten in Flour Butter Fat of Meats Cheese Oils in Nuts Olive Oil	Build Tissue Repair Daily Waste of Tissue
FATS	Butter Fat of Meats Cheese Oils in Nuts Olive Oil	Give Heat and Energy Produce Fat
CARBOHYDRATES	Sugars Cane Beet Maple Malt Sugar of Milk Sugar in Fruit Cereals Flour Rice Beans Corn Potatoes	Give Heat and Energy Produce Fat
MINERAL SALTS	Fruit Acids Vegetables In All Vegetables In All Animal Foods	Aid in Formation of Bone Useful in the Blood Carries Food to Cells Carries Off Waste Solvent for Food
WATER	In All Vegetables In All Animal Foods	Carries Food to Cells Carries Off Waste Solvent for Food

The sugars and starches have been grouped under one name, carbohydrates, because both these foods contain a considerable amount of carbon, also two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, which are always present in the right proportion to form water. The special

function of this class of food is to give energy. Before energy is evolved there must be heat, but as heat producers the carbohydrates are not as valuable as fats. The latter are more than three-fourths carbon. This fact at once proves that fat in some form is the food to be eaten when heat is required. It is the food which appeals to the appetite more strongly in winter than in summer and is liked better in cold climates than in warm. If it were impossible to have both fat and sugar in the diet no great harm would result to the body for some time, because both contain the same elements—namely, give heat and energy. Not so with the proteids, however, because, being the only class which contains nitrogen, no other can substitute for them.

Danger in Overeating.

After learning of the importance of proteid foods the first conclusion may be that they should form the greater part of the diet and should largely compose the daily bill of fare. This is a common mistake and one to be carefully avoided. The intake of food should not be greater than the needs of the body and to preserve its normal equilibrium. Too much food of any kind necessitates too much work on the organs of digestion and elimination and produces certain irregularities of the body functions. Too much proteid—that is, too liberal an allowance of meat, fish, eggs, cheese, etc., in the meals will clog the system with urea, throw too much work on the kidneys in their effort to carry off this final product in the digestion of proteid. Too much proteid in the diet induces rheumatism and similar disorders. When too much fat, or carbohydrate, is eaten it is stored up in the body as fat, and the individual finds himself putting on adipose tissue to perhaps an uncomfortable degree. There is more danger in this country from overeating than there is from lack of food, just as the engine is likely to wear out more quickly because of too hard firing than from lack of fuel.

The amount of food required to properly develop the body and keep it in normal condition depends on different conditions, such as the occupation of the individual, the age of the individual, sex, climate and personal idiosyncrasies.

The man or woman engaged in hard physical work requires more of the foods which repair tissues than does the person living a sedentary life. The amount of fresh air in which the individual lives will also determine largely the rapidly with which food will be oxidized in the body. For instance, the farmer, working in the fields, will require more nourishing foods than the man who sits in his office all day. The farmer's lungs are constantly filled with fresh air; his blood is filled with oxygen. He is performing work which requires much physical energy; hence his food is rapidly burned in his body in order to yield the necessary energy, and he is hungry. He has a good appetite for hearty food, and he digests it with ease. The man of sedentary habits finds his stomach rebelling and himself in general discomfort if he attempts to follow the example of the farmer for any length of time.

How Much to Eat.

Occasionally we hear the question, "How much should we eat?" Yet, as a rule, the average person does not trouble himself very much on that score and eats what a pampered appetite demands rather than the amount he actually needs. Dietary specialists have found from many experiments that an average man doing average work requires each day about four and a half ounces of proteid, two ounces of fat and sixteen ounces of carbohydrate. An average woman doing the work of an average housekeeper requires a little less, probably about three ounces of proteid, one and a half ounces of fat and twelve ounces of carbohydrate. The boy fourteen to sixteen years of age requires four-fifths as much food as his father, and the boy or girl of twelve years should have half as much food as an adult. Recently certain specialists have been able to reduce the amount of proteid still lower than the above standards, which are less than those given ten or twelve years ago. But as long as the present habit of "bolting" food with insufficient mastication is common in the country it is not safe to reduce the amount of proteid to the lowest possible figure. The amount of food constituents which I have suggested can be easily obtained from standard food materials; less of these will be required if the foods are properly cooked. Just here the housekeeper's skill is called into account. No matter how nutritious and easy of digestion foods may be in their uncooked state, they may be almost, if not entirely, ruined as far as digestion and assimilation are concerned in the process of cooking.

A single portion of beefsteak, two eggs and an ounce of cheese, with milk and a little oatmeal, will furnish all the tissue building material the average man will require for one day. A half loaf of bread and a half pound of potatoes, with ordinary helping of rice and a tablespoonful of sugar will furnish the required amount of carbohydrate, and the required fat is easily obtained from the butter used on the bread, the oils in the cheese and the fat in meat. There is much more chance of too much fat being eaten with the ordinary meal than too little.

We are likely to underrate the value of water in the diet and use it too sparingly. Water is a food and a very necessary one. Its duties for the body are numerous and important. It helps to carry food to the blood, assists in carrying off the waste matters, equalizes the temperature of the body and acts as a solvent for food. Its benefits to the system are many.

The Bravest Men Are Those Who Are Best Educated

By Rev. WALTER T. SUMNER, Social Worker

THE BRAVEST MEN ARE THOSE WHO ARE THE BEST EDUCATED. CULTURE BEGETS RESTRAINT, AND THOSE WHO WIN PRAISE FROM THE WORLD FOR ACTS OF HEROISM ARE THOSE WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE WORKS OF OUR NOTABLE AUTHORS.

This is aptly shown by the recent Titanic disaster. Those who gave up their lives the most willingly, those who stood back that the helpless might take their places in lifeboats and go to safety, were the men of the world whose names are known to everybody through their great enterprises, which were MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY EDUCATION.

They had studied and learned. When they were put to the test they were not found wanting. If we educate the poor they will LEARN TO CARE FOR OTHERS AS WELL AS FOR THEMSELVES.

LOCAL PAGE

NEWS OF BERE A AND VICINITY, GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

DR. BEST,
DENTISTCITY PHONE 133
Office over Berea Bank & Trust Co.

DAN H. BRECK

Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock
INSURANCE

Will sign your bond.

Phone 305 Richmond, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE

North Bound Local

Knoxville	7:00 a. m.	10:55 p. m.
Berea	1:04 p. m.	3:53 a. m.
Cincinnati	6:30 p. m.	7:45 a. m.

South Bound Local

Cincinnati	6:30 a. m.	8:15 p. m.
Berea	12:34 p. m.	12:53 a. m.
Knoxville	8:55 p. m.	8:50 a. m.

Express Trains

Stop to take on and let off passengers from beyond Dayton, O., or from Atlanta and beyond.

Cincinnati	8:00 a. m.
Berea	11:44 a. m.

North Bound

Berea	4:46 p. m.
Cincinnati	8:37 p. m.

WANTED: Quick delivery—50,000 6x8x3 feet white oak cross ties. For prices, write H. C. Woolf, Berea, Ky.

Miss Lillian Ambrose has returned to Berea after an extended visit with relatives and friends in Ohio.

Mr. T. J. Scribner was visiting at the home of his son, Edgar, at the first of the week.

Mrs. Grace Bender and little son of Richmond have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scribner.

Miss Nettie Oldham visited with friends in town, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. B. F. VanWinkle and children left, Saturday, for a few days visit with Mr. Green Bales and family in Pendleton County.

Miss Hazel Emerson has returned to Cincinnati, Ohio, after spending a couple of weeks with friends in Berea.

Miss Lucy Holliday left, Tuesday, for Jackson, Ky., where she will visit at the home of her uncle, Mr. Malcolm Holliday.

Prof. Lewis and family left at the first of the week for a visit with Mrs. Lewis' parents in Casey County.

Miss Myrtle Baker is visiting with friends at Panola.

Mrs. Alice Moore spent a part of this week at the home of her brother, Mr. W. R. Gabbard at Wallacetown.

Miss Dora Ely was in town Saturday and Sunday from her school at Reynoldsburg.

Mr. John Muncy and crew returned home last Saturday from Bagdad, Ky., where he has been erecting a fine \$3,000 dwelling for Mr. James Bryant.

We are very glad to learn that Mrs. Howard Hudson is recovering from an illness, caused by a recent fall.

Mr. Ernest Bender of Richmond was visiting in Berea over Sunday.

Miss Mildred Hudson is spending a few weeks with friends in Cincinnati.

Mr. Wm. Jones left for Cincinnati, last Thursday. He will be employed there for some time with a Street Car Company.

Mr. Herbert A. Emery, a merchant of Washington, D. C., was visiting Miss Nora Wilson at Boone Tavern, last week.

Miss Lizzie Golden and daughter, Ina, of Fort Scott, Kansas, are visiting the former's mother and two sisters in town.

Mrs. E. A. VanWinkle and children left last Wednesday for a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gibson of Nichols, W. Va.

THE RACKET STORE
MRS. EARLY

Miss Fannie Dowden of Paint Lick was a visitor here Sunday.

Miss Ruth Hicknell left, Friday, for a visit with Miss Esther Gentry at Inland City.

Mr. Ellis Hart of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting his mother, Mrs. W. H. Hicknell.

Mr. Letcher Gabbard is spending a few weeks in Berea.

Miss Annie M. Maupin of Richmond is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Maggie Robinson this week.

Rev. H. E. Keltch is conducting a revival meeting at the Glades.

The annual reunion of the Davis family was held Saturday afternoon, at the VanWinkle Grove. There was an abundance of supper, and every one reported the most enjoyable time.

Miss Carrie Woods who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Jennie Baker, returned to Manchester, O., last week.

Miss Effie Hicknell left, Saturday, for Detroit, Mich.

The Canning Factory is being put in order for canning tomatoes.

Mr. Irvine Jones of near Shelbyville, is here this week looking out a location.

Mr. Bill Brannaman was visited by his uncle from Indiana, this week.

Mr. Ora Adams, who has been in the service of the U. S. army for the past three years, returned home, Tuesday.

Mrs. C. M. Canfield of Rockcastle County was visiting friends in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Henry Combs, who has been traveling for some time in Michigan, returned last week.

Miss Lula Farmer is visiting relatives in McKee for a few weeks.

Miss Ethel Azbill of London is visiting relatives in town this week. She will visit in Kingston and Richmond next week, returning to London the last of the month.

Rev. Joe Hopper will preach at the Silver Creek Chapel near Whites Station next Sunday, Aug. 18th, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Miss Mae Todd is out after a serious operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Bob Richardson of Cincinnati is in town for a few days visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. G. W. Hook returned last week from a seven weeks stay in Peoria, Ill., and Mason County, Kentucky.

Mr. James L. Jones was one of the party of carpenters who recently left for Hazard, Perry County.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey of Hamilton, Ohio, have moved into Mr. F. C. Clark's cottage on Elm Street.

The new water main down Scaffold Lane and Elm Streets will soon be in operation.

Miss Grace Smith was called to Cincinnati a few days ago on account of the sickness of her mother, Mrs. Freeman.

Miss Cora Smith recently spent a few days with friends and relatives in Covington and Cincinnati.

Mr. J. C. Bowman left Thursday night of last week for an extended trip in Tennessee and North Carolina.

Dr. P. Cornelius made a professional call to McKee on Monday of this week.

Miss Bettie Azbill of Richmond visited in town the first of the week.

Mr. Jno. M. Baker of Plattsburg, Mo., and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Baker, of Wallacetown, Ky., spent last Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wallace, of Berea. Mr. Baker will remain with his parents for another week. His many friends will be glad to have him again in their midst.

Mr. J. B. Richardson returned from Cincinnati, Monday night.

Mr. Wm. Hays of Conway spent Tuesday with his son, Mr. Oscar Hays, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Ogg visited Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Griggs of Union from Friday until Monday.

Miss Belle Denney of Stanford visited with Dr. Craig and family last week.

Mrs. Ed Scribner and children left, Monday, for a two weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Scribner at Lexington, Ky.

The Messrs. U. B. Roberts, John Dean, Prof. Seale, J. D. Clarkston, R. H. Christman and J. W. Stephens attended the Blue Grass Fair at Lexington, Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. S. R. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Preston and the Misses Maude and Nora Welch attended the Blue Grass Fair at Lexington, Wednesday.

Miss Lena Palmer of the Stanford Graded Schools was in Berea, Tuesday. Miss Palmer is visiting at State Lick Springs.

Mr. Carter Robinson of Datha, Ky., came to Berea, Tuesday. He will be here for about ten days.

The Messrs. Burnie Franklin and Chas. Marcin arrived, Tuesday. They will enter school at the beginning of the Fall term.

Mrs. Mary Faulkner returned, Monday night, from Cincinnati after visiting for two weeks with her two sons, George and Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Roberts and children returned from their vacation, Friday night.

Mr. Howard Taylor meets many warm welcomes as he adorns the street with his cheerful smiles. Glad he is back.

The Union Church has some fine audiences this summer, despite the absence of so many members. The Home Department of the Sunday School has more than doubled in number under the leadership of Mrs. Edward Hudson. Mr. Osborne's Bible class in his absence is taught by Mr. Hudson. You should be one of the interested number.

Miss Ruby Smith who is teaching in Rockcastle County was at home, Saturday and Sunday.

REV. FREDERIC LEE WEBB

Rev. Frederic Lee Webb, who has been at Flag Pond, Tenn., as pastor and social worker for seven years, by reason of health is making a change for at least two years. While passing thru the country on horseback, on the way to his new field, he is making a study of the different mission works in Kentucky. He made observations in Union, Green, Washington, Hawkins and Hancock counties, Tennessee; visited schools in Lee County, and then passed on thru Harlan, Leslie, Clay, Jackson and Madison counties in Kentucky, passing through as many isolated valleys as possible.

Mr. Webb visited Berea College on the way, stopping at the home of Jas. C. Bowman, also visiting Miss Alice Sparks at the Berea Hospital. He goes to Wapakoneta, O., to take charge of a parish there.

You're beaten to earth—well, well, what of that! Come up with a smiling face: "Tis nothing against you to fall down flat, but to lie there—that's disgrace."

God helps those who help themselves.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

The brave soul can mend even disaster.

Lost time is never found again.

OBITUARY

On August 6, the angel of death visited the home of Walter Tisdale, and took from the family midst the beloved wife, Maud A. Tisdale, who was also the mother of three children.

The cause of her death was tuberculosis. Loving hands administered to every comfort and need, but God in His infinite wisdom knew best and took her home.

Mrs. Tisdale, at the time of her death, was thirty-three years of age; a member of the Gindea Christian church, and a devout and faithful follower until the end.

Besides her three children, she is survived by a father, brother and two sisters, including a host of friends, to mourn her loss.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the deceased, Maud A. Tisdale, want to express their heartfelt thanks to the friends and neighbors who, through her long illness did so much for her comfort and happiness.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Kenova, W. Va., Aug. 5, 1912.
Dear Mr. Faulkner:

While traveling it is surprising to notice how one section of the country is isolated from another. Probably as good an example of this as

Buggies!!

The best thing on earth is all you can expect, and that's what you get when you buy your BUGGY at WELCH'S

"Save the Difference"

FAMILY REUNION

On last Sunday a reunion of S. H. Baughman's family was held at the home of Dr. Craig, in Berea. The different members of the family came in automobiles from Stanford to Berea on Sunday morning and spent the day. Those present were J. H. Baughman and wife; J. S. Baughman, wife and children; W. H. Wearen, wife and children; L. W. Sauley, wife and son, and W. B. McKinney, wife and daughter. Mrs. McKinney and daughter and Miss Annetta Wearen will remain in Berea a few days. Miss Sallie Millie Craig and Sam B. Craig returned to Stanford to attend the County fair.

REGISTERED HOGS FOR SALE

Registered Duroc Jersey pigs for sale. Good ones. Prices reasonable. Write or call at farm.

J. F. Adams,
R. D. No. 1 Nicholasville, Ky.

PUBLIC SALE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1912

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

I will sell my Farm at Public Sale located in Garrard County four and one-half miles from Lancaster on Sugar Creek Pike, containing 1662-10 acres, improvements consist of two story frame dwelling in good repair, 1 Tobacco barn 120x40 ft. and other improvements.

This is a very productive Farm all in grass but 40 acres, fine for Wheat, Tobacco, Corn, Bluegrass and Clover. TERMS Easy and will be Made Known on Day of Sale.

For further information write me.
N. H. BOGIE, 376 S. Upper St. Lexington, Ky.
I. M. DUMX, Auct., Danville, Ky.

there is in the U. S. is to be found in the case of Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia. There is no direct line of communication through the Appalachian mountains between Kentucky on the west and the Virginias on the east, and as a result, one state knows nothing about the progress going on across the mountains, however, they do manage to hear of any notorious murders, strikes, night-riders or mob violence. This condition of affairs might be remedied to some extent if the American press was doing its duty toward the people. I haven't seen a Kentucky paper of any kind except The Citizen either in Virginia or West Virginia nor as long as I have been in Kentucky do I remember ever having seen a Virginia or West Virginia paper. This might seem to shift the responsibility for the circulation of so much sensational news between the states and thruout the country.

For about two weeks I have been in and around the coal fields of this state, which is a very interesting country. The farmers have all quit the business and gone into the mines, leaving the Ohio people to furnish them food and supply the markets. These coal fields are noted for their negro population among which are some of the worst criminals in the country.

Last week I spent a few days in Wayne, W. Va., while the County examinations were being held there. I met several young teachers, most of whom were attempting to raise their grades above those which they received at a previous examination. One particular question in State history that aroused quite a bit of discussion was, "Why is the Kanawha River under control of the U. S. War Department?" I might add that

STOCK MEDICINES

We carry the following brands:
Black Draught, Kentucky Horseman's Condition Powders, Liniments, Healing Lotion, Colic Relief and Diarrhoea Remedy.
PRATT'S Animal Regulator and Poultry Regulator.
BOURBON Stock Tonic, Hog Cholera Remedy, Poultry Cure, Insecticide, and Egg producer.
PEOPLE'S Stock Remedy and Poultry Remedy
COX'S Barbed Wire Liniment, KENDALL'S Spavin Cure and others.

G. E. PORTER, Ph. G.

Phone 10 - - - Berea, Ky.

this is the largest river in the state. Some of the Wayne County teachers will probably be in the Berea Normal Department next year. I am now in a little town on the banks of the Ohio and at the mouth of the Big Sandy—a kind of tri-state village. Catlettsburg, Ky., is just across the Big Sandy and quite a little population on the Ohio side. The N. and W., C. and O., and H. and O. railroads, running in all directions, together with the Ohio Valley Electric lines following the river makes this a very convenient point to work from, so I expect to be in this vicinity for several days.

I notice in The Citizen where several of the students were finding their way back to Berea already. It seems that they like Berea.

My next address will be Huntington, W. Va.

With best wishes for continued success in The Citizen, I am,
Yours very truly,
Dean Slagle.

FOR SALE

Farm in Garrard County, containing 86 1-2 acres good land, good orchard, cottage house, good small barn, drilled well, about three miles from Berea. Price \$55 per acre.

House and lot in Berea, two story, plenty room, orchard, mountain water in house, barn, good garden, these two places is what you need to take advantage of the expense of sending your children to Berea College, the best school in the state. Attendance last winter about seventeen hundred students. Price for house and lot \$2,250.

D. N. Welch, Postmaster.

FOR SALE

\$550 buys a large lot and four room cottage and outbuildings on Elder St., Berea, Ky. \$390 down and \$250 in one year. If purchased by Sept. 15th, I will give a \$30 bedroom suit to purchaser. Write to J. D. Creech, El Cajon, California.

CREDITORS TAKE NOTICE

As assignee of R. J. Engle and Son, W. C. Engle, being the son, I will on Friday, August 23rd, 1912 in the law office of T. J. Coyle in Berea, Ky., sit to hear proof and receive claims against R. J. Engle and Son of Berea, Ky. All persons having claims against them will on or before said date produce them to me either in person or by mail, properly verified as required by law or same will be barred.

All persons owing R. J. Engle and Son, or W. C. Engle will please come forward and settle and if not settled within 30 days, same will be sued. This July 26th, 1912.
J. J. Brannaman, Assignee

FOR SALE OR RENT

One up-to-date 7 room house on west side of Boone St., Berea, Ky. Piano furnished and one room reserved. Best location in town. Well and all necessary out-buildings. Rent \$10 per month, or sale price \$2,500 if sold within 30 days. See N. J. Coyle or write Eli Baker, Harlan, Ky.

The KITCHEN CABINET



NE ship goes east and another goes west. While the self-same breeze blows, it's the set of the sails and not the gales that bids them where to go. Like the winds of the air are the ways of the fates. As we journey along thro' life: It's the set of the soul that decides the goal. And not the storms or the strife.

CANNING HINTS.

It may be well to remember that fruit picked after a heavy rain, especially berries like raspberries, will have lost much of their flavor.

Currants picked after a heavy rain are not as good for jelly making as those picked after drying off.

When canning pineapple try this method: Slice the fruit or shred it in the form desired, and cook it until tender in clear water. Then use the water with sugar to make a heavy sirup to pour over the pineapple in the cans. Seal and put away for winter.

A method of canning which is so good that every busy housewife should at least try it, is this: Put the fruit to be canned in the jars—have a thick, rich sirup of sugar and water with perhaps some of the inferior or crushed berries, though none of them should be spoiled. Pour this boiling hot sirup over the fruit in the jars and submerge them in a boiler of boiling water, so that four inches of water covers the tops of the cans. They should be tightly sealed. Cover the boiler with an old carpet or rug and let stand for twenty-four hours, then remove, see that the tops are screwed tight, and put away for the winter.

Currants for jelly making should not be too ripe as the pectin is changed to sugar and the jelly will not jell. The last few days of June and the first days of July are considered the best time for currant jelly making.

Currants and raspberries in equal parts make a delicious jelly, the currants supplying the pectin and the raspberry the flavor.

Jelly should be drained slowly from a jelly bag hung and allowed to drip. If the juice is squeezed out the jelly will be thick and leathery in appearance.

To make a jelly bag, fold two opposite corners of a piece of cotton or wool flannel three-fourths of a yard long. Sew up in the form of a cornucopia, with a rounding end.

Nellie Maxwell

BONDS FOR SALE

We the undersigned Board of Trustees of the Island City Graded school district No. 3, Owsley County, Kentucky, offer for sale (\$200 two hundred dollars in Bonds at 6 per cent against said district. Money is wanted at once any person desiring to purchase said Bonds, write the undersigned.

J. W. Smith, Chairman.
F. F. McCollum, Secretary.STILL GOING
at Reduced Prices

All summer suits, oxfords of all kinds' wash skirts, white shoes and pumps in all sizes will go at greatly reduced prices until the entire lot is closed out. Straw hats at half price.

HAYES & GOTT

"The Quality Store"

BEREA, KENTUCKY

HOME TOWN HELPS

NOT ALWAYS BEHIND EUROPE

Many of America's Big Centers of Population Take the Lead in Some Matters.

New York City alone secures a larger revenue from land values than do the much-heralded "unearned increment" taxes of all the cities of Germany and all the taxes of the revolutionary Lloyd George budget of 1909 combined. The total collections of New York City from this source amount to approximately \$60,000,000 a year. I think it may fairly be claimed that we have made more progress in local taxation than have any cities in the world.

It must be remembered, too, that many activities of the American city are efficiently performed. Our library systems are models. In this we have been pioneers. The rapid development of public and private libraries, the extension of branches, the opening of reading rooms and library centers, the use of pictures and children's departments show the possibilities of our municipal democracy—when the laws of the state permit it to grow as it will.

Commissioners come to America to study our library methods just as commissions go from this country to Europe to study their municipal achievements. The park systems of our cities are of the same high order. Our development in recent years has been phenomenal. Not only are our parks generous in area, but they have been laid out by experts in a far-sighted way. The Boston system is said to be the most comprehensive of any in the world, while those of Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, and a score of lesser cities compare favorably with those of any cities of Europe.

America, too, led the way in playground development, as well as in the wider use of the schoolhouse and the social center. The exhibits of the American city in these activities at the Berlin Town Planning exposition were accepted as in advance of those of Europe.

From the very beginning our fire departments have been honestly and efficiently administered. These, too, have been models for foreign cities. For the most part, they have been free from the spoils system. Merit has been recognized in the selection of chiefs. New appliances have been

Rapidly introduced and an esprit de corps has been created like that of the army and the navy.—F. C. Howe in Scribner's Magazine.

WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

Manner of Laying Out the Streets of a New Town Should Be Most Carefully Considered.

For outlying districts, narrow, winding, or diagonal streets make it possible to spend more on the sanitation of the homes, declares a man who has made a study of city planning. Where traffic of the future promises to be dense and a wide street may at some time be wise, in the intervening years a narrow paved area, bordered by grass and trees, is good economy, good sense, and good health.

As between rectangular streets exclusively and a combination in which some of the streets are diagonal and some rectangular, Robinson says aesthetics, sanitation, and convenience all favor the latter.

In Vienna the crowds are handled with less inconvenience than in any other city, and there the cars come in on diagonal streets to the Ristretto, which they follow around to deliver their passengers as near as possible to their destinations.

Robinson says: "The two diagonal streets, Broadway and the Bowery, in New York saved for the city breathing spots like Madison and Union squares—space out of reach if condemnation had been required."

Utilization of Vacant Lots.

For several years the City Healthful page has advocated the use and beautification of vacant city lots, calling attention to the success attained in eastern cities through the work of Vacant Lot associations, etc. The problem now seems near to solution. The various schools of the city have extended their school garden work to nearby unused property, and if this movement does not culminate in the appropriation of all vacant lots it will at least call attention to the importance of control of one of our greatest eyesores—numberless weed-grown, rubbish-strewn vacant lots.—Los Angeles Times.

Weeds in the Welks.

For weeds in pavements or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water, put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it, too.

Worth Thinking Over.

What a simple matter it would be to clean up the city if everybody would do his part without depending on his neighbor to begin the work first! That is, assuming, of course, that the city authorities would do their part.

earnest. Twelve girls publicly took upon themselves the obligations of Wood-gatherers. All learned the beautiful sign and sang, "Whoso." Another gathering will take place in one week.

There are now five groups of which the guardians are Miss Etta Gay, Miss Margaret Disney, Miss Welch, Miss Etta Moore and Miss Hilda Welch who as assistant and chief guardian has from the first been a most valuable and enthusiastic worker.

GOSPEL EXTENSION WORK

Continued from First Page

drop stones into holes whence issue hollow echoes as they fall. After following the main cave far back into the heart of the mountain we left it and returned to the sunlit outdoors through a narrow passage whose walls were cut in smooth graceful curves and carved in curious designs by the chisel of the streams of long ago.

The people have been very kind to us, bringing fruit, vegetables and attending in large numbers the meetings held out of doors.

Sunday we had an all day meeting with a picnic dinner, preaching at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. with an illustrated temperance lecture at 7:30 and a sermon at 8:15. At the close of the morning service we organized a Sunday School with Sherman Chastee, the school teacher, as Supt., Mr. Moore the postmaster as assistant and Miss Pearl Moore a Berea girl as secretary and treasurer.

Before the day was over several had expressed the purpose of living a Christian life, and we came away regretting to leave so many good friends.

A number of people took advantage of our special offer for cash subscription to The Citizen and walked away with a good first class jack knife and a paid up subscription for 52 issues of your splendid paper.

We arrived here at Orlando last evening and are encamped in the woods beside the mountain top Baptist church where we shall show good pictures, sing and preach the gospel until next Monday morning. We wish all our friends who pray would pray for us as we go from place to place among these beautiful mountains and splendid people.

Very truly yours,
C. S. Knight,
Supt. of Extension.

GOOD ROADS AND THE FARMER

Why He Is the One Most Interested in Their Upkeep.

THE GOOD WORK IN KANSAS.

State Agricultural College Advocates Holding Meetings to Banquet the Movement Throughout the State—Outline of an Instructive Program.

How many farmers know that it costs them 25 cents a mile to haul a ton of farm produce to a market over the ordinary unimproved roads? How many know that for a few cents an acre a year—less probably than the value of the grain they drop in feeding or hauling—they could pay their share on the cost of a good road? How many ever think about the wet feet of their children, who trudge through mud to sit all day damp and snuffling in a poorly ventilated schoolroom?

It is to alleviate these conditions that the Kansas Agricultural college is holding meetings and inviting the granges and farmers' associations to talk at them.

The following program has been outlined:

Methods.—(1) Right and wrong grading season, tools, width of road, etc. (2) Fair average cost of grading perfectly one mile of road. (3) Right and wrong methods of draining a road. (4) Draining—when, how, by whom, fair cost, etc. (5) Why not contract both grading and draining? (6) Advantages of concrete or stone bridges and culverts, durability, use of home labor, etc.

Laws and Policies.—(1) Why not separate office of assessor from that of road trustee and elect road trustees on score of fitness to supervise the building of roads and keep them busy at least from March 1 to October? (2) Advantage of classifying roads into county and township roads, etc., according to law. (3) Why not build each year a few miles of permanent earth roads instead of "patching" all the roads, building first the roads with greatest travel? (4) Reports of funds available this year for township roads. Why not have a county road and bridge engineer?

Should Trusts Be Curbed by Government Ownership or Regulation?

Trusts Controlled Properly Are All Right

By SAMUEL UNTERMYER, Lawyer, of New York

If the government acquired our railroads it would

presumably have to pay for them by some sort of interest bearing obligation. On the unwarranted assumption that they were always as prosperous as they are today could the government get this money on any basis of less return than is now being paid?

The return on invested capital is about 3 per cent, while 75 PER CENT OF THE TOTAL ANNUAL REVENUE HAS BEEN DISTRIBUTED TO THE LABOR INCIDENT TO THE OPERATION of the properties in one form or another, while the return by way of dividends and interest has been less than 25 per cent of the operating revenue.

How much better distribution of the revenues of this industry could be expected under any other system?

GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY WOULD RESULT IN THE DECLINE OF THIS COUNTRY AS AN INDUSTRIAL NATION.

RHODE ISLAND LEADS ALL STATES IN IMPROVED ROADS

Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union, with an area of only 1,250 square miles, ranks first of all the states in its percentage of improved roads. Under the direction of Secretary Wilson a very comprehensive statistical investigation of the mileage and cost of public roads in the United States has recently been completed by the office of public roads, United States department of agriculture. This document reveals many interesting facts. Thus, apparently, it is not because of her small size that Rhode Island is able to boast of 49.14 per cent of improved roads, for Delaware with an area of 2,000 square miles has only 6.22 per cent of improved roads. On the other hand, Massachusetts, with an area of 8,315 square miles, has 49 per cent of her roads improved, or very nearly the same percentage as Rhode Island. The size of the state therefore seems to have little or no effect on the percentage of improved roads.

The investigations further show that there are 2,100,645 miles of public roads in continental United States. Of this vast mileage only 100,470, or 8.66 per cent, are classed as improved.

As stated above, Rhode Island leads with 49.14 per cent of improved roads, while Massachusetts is second with 49 per cent. Indiana follows with 36.7 per cent. Ohio, Connecticut, New Jersey, Kentucky, Vermont and California follow in a descending order, the latter having 17.87 per cent of improved roads. The states of Wisconsin, New York, Maryland, Utah, Tennessee, South Carolina, Maine and Michigan range in the order given from 10 to 10 per cent.

Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Minnesota, New Hampshire and Oregon have between 5 and 10 per cent of their roads improved. Of the twenty-two states with less than 5 per cent of improved roads North Dakota stands at the bottom with only 0.23 per cent. Secretary Wilson and Director Page, who is in charge of the office of public roads, are ever at work on the problems which confront the road builders throughout the land, and especially those problems which are most frequently confronted by communities in which road improvement has made but little progress.

Making a Holy Man or Salvation from the Subjective Side

By Rev. James M. Gray, D. D.,

Dona of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.—Romans 8:5.

There are several things which God does for the Christian believer in an objective sense, that is, in the sense that they proceed from himself without his necessarily knowing to or experiencing in the believer's life. In other words, he reconciles him, he saves him, he justifies him, he blesses him with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. These things all speak of the believer's state or position before God, and constitute what might be called his legal standing.

In this sermon, however, we are to think about what God graciously does to transmute this legal standing of the believer before him into the actual experience and conduct of the believer himself. This is what we mean by "salvation from the subjective side."

If the other things touch on Christ's work "for" us, these relate to Christ's work "in" us, on the supposition that we have received him as our Savior, and confessed him as our Lord.

In other words, he, through the Holy Spirit, does several things which go to make the true believer a holy man, and which are enumerated in this eighth chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans; for although our text is limited to but one verse, we intend to speak of more than one.

In the first place, the Holy Spirit sets the believer free from the law of sin and death, verses 2 to 4.

Prior to his regeneration through faith in Christ, the believer was under the power of a tendency or law in the direction of sin, the outcome of which was death, eternal death; but the incoming of the Holy Spirit to him means that a new tendency or law has been set up within him whose direction is just the opposite to this.

In the second place, the Holy Spirit gives him the spiritual "mind" or disposition to obey and follow out this tendency in the direction of holiness and eternal life—verses 5-10.

In the third place, he not only gives him the spiritual mind, but goes farther and gives the spiritual power to exercise that mind, verses 11-13, so that the Christian has no excuse for committing sin.

A Life of Victory.
The New Testament does not teach a doctrine of sinless perfection, or the eradication of evil from our hearts, as long as we remain in the flesh, but it does teach that there is such a thing as living a life of victory over every known sin every day. Christians have no justification for apologizing for quick tempers and irritable speeches and envy and jealousy—not to speak of grosser sins of the flesh—on the ground that such things are part of their temperament and can't be helped. It is true that they can't help them so far as their old nature is concerned, but the very purpose of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit is to enable them to live a supernatural life of power over them if they yield their wills to him.

In the fourth place, the Holy Spirit gives the believer spiritual encouragement to exercise this power, for he bears witness within him to his Sonship to God and heirship as well through Jesus Christ—verses 14-17. What stronger motive could there be to stir a man to put away sin and live a holy life comparable to the apprehension of the fact that he is indeed a child of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ? People of the world are inclined to smile at these things and consider them ethereal and visionary, because they cannot understand them, lacking the spiritual discernment, but these are, after all, the real things, the substance of life, while the phenomena that occupy so much of man's attention now are only the shadow of the true.

Change in President Arthur's Life.
I remember the great change that came about in the character and in the outward life of President Chester A. Arthur. As a New York politician and collector of the port, he had been one of the "bores," the higher and finer class of "bores," and yet one of them. But when a strange providence placed him in the presidential office after the murder of President Garfield, what a change came over him! What a steady, sedate, wise, successful, honorable and pure chief magistrate he made! All speak well of his memory. The dignity, the exaltation, the privileges which had come to him contributed to make him over. It is much the same with the Christian who knows who he is and what he has in Christ.

Finally, the Holy Spirit gives the believer spiritual access unto God in prayer—verses 26-28. This is the crowning act of grace and power.

You know what a man is when you know what he loves.

Any reader of these notes desiring full particulars in regard to making the King or split log drag may secure them by writing the department of agriculture at Washington for farmers' bulletin No. 321, entitled "The Use of the Split Log Drag on Earth Roads."

The shipwreck of the great liner Titanic brings out most forcibly the fact that a good many theories that look all right on paper go to smash when they come in contact with actual things and facts. In the case referred to the nice theory was an unsinkable ship; the cold fact, an iceberg.

It may be that it can be done, but the writer has never seen the yard about the farm home very neat or graded with flower beds where the chickens were fond of roosting on the railing to the front porch and where the young porkers were scratching their backs on the corner of the milk house.

Care words may ease for the time being the feelings of the fellow who utters them, but they have a mighty injurious effect on the nervous system and milk production of a sensitive dairy cow. Whistling, which expresses an entirely different state of mind, has just as different an effect upon the bovine.

The vacant places in an orchard caused by poor stock, injury in cultivation or borers it may be well to fill in with younger trees up to the age of about eight years. After that time the older trees occupy the ground so fully with their root systems that young trees set make very little growth and seldom amount to much when they arrive at a bearing age.

The galvanized hen coop, supposed to be quite an improvement over the apple barrel of our mothers and grandmothers that rested gently on its side, may have some advantages over that primitive contraption, but it also has a drawback or two. It is quite cold around the edges during a cold spell and hotter than blazes when left in the sunshine when the mercury is pulsating around the ninety or hundred mark.

A sample of shelled seed corn that the writer tested the other day showed six dead kernels out of fifteen, or more than 40 per cent. It is just such a showing as this, without the possibility of discarding the ears from which these dead kernels came, that makes the buying of shelled seed corn so risky a proposition. And this makes nothing of the further difficulty of determining whether the seed was grown in Minnesota or Kansas.

Time was when the farmer who used to do a lot of hand work in his corn and potato patches would have had a good laugh at the fellow mounted on a riding corn plow with a canopy over his head to keep off the sun, but not so now. Neither does anybody laugh at the fellow who saves himself by riding on the two wheeled gear attached to the big four horse harrow. People are coming to the opinion that there is no particular merit in squandering physical energy when one can just as well conserve it.

Just because one does not have a lot of money to put into it is no reason why the job of trying to improve the home premises should be abandoned. If the borders and corners are cleared up, the lawn kept nicely mowed and a flower bed or two set out and a few shrubs planted a pretty ordinary front door yard can be transformed. A little time and a real desire to make the place neat and attractive will do wonders. How does your place look as you come on to it off the main road and are the boys and girls living there proud of it or do they think of it as a sort of roosting place?

Provided the farmer himself is a fit companion for his own or some other fellow's boy, there is no place where a town boy can put in the months of the summer vacation to better advantage than on a nearby farm. Not only will he have a means of working off his surplus animal energy, which is often the cause of his getting into all kinds of mischief if he loafs around town, but he learns to do useful work, gets acquainted with the farm animals and machinery, develops his muscles as well as his wits and besides this learns the value of time and money. A seed of boys the writer knows and whom our readers know would be infinitely better off if they spent the coming summer in the manner outlined.

There is a happy mean between a slovenly neglect of the home and its duties by the wife and the other extreme which finds expression in such a devotion to the home duties that she has little or no time for anything else. We have in mind just such a case, and it is putting it mildly to say that this good woman, though deservedly reputed as one of the best housekeepers in her community, is little better than a galley slave when it comes to being tied to her home and its work. While without question she gets much satisfaction out of keeping her home so shipshape, so much energy is required that she has little to spare for other activities that would serve to broaden her interests and make life more worth while. More than this, her stress of work keeps her in a tired and run-down condition, which in the end is bound to mean fewer years of life. Now and then she should let the work go hang, rest up and get a bit more enjoyment out of life. She would live better and longer, and the members of her family wouldn't suffer because of it, either.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The annual Sunday School convention of the Glade district which was held in the Baptist church last Sunday afternoon was one of the most helpful and inspiring meetings ever held in this district. The house was packed with an audience who gave close attention to the excellent program rendered. All of the speakers were just full of good things to say. Especial mention should be made of the duet by the Misses Myra Potts and Marguerite Dunn.

Such a convention cannot be held without awakening and inspiring all teachers and workers to be ready to do better and more efficient work. The need of better equipped teachers in Sunday School was so clearly and forcibly brought out that good results are sure to follow.

It was very gratifying to learn from the Secretary's report that the attendance in the district had increased from 1,400 to a few over 2,000 in the past year.

In the business session following the program, the committee on the nomination of officers decided that the present officers had performed their duties so faithfully that they should be re-elected. They were as follows:

James Burgess, President.
J. W. Herndon, Treasurer.
R. L. Potts, Secretary.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

A very enthusiastic group of girls met at the home of Mrs. H. H. Roberts on Wednesday evening last. It was the first public meeting of The Camp Fire Girls. There were present with guardians, fifty-eight girls, who came away knowing much more about the organization and ready to become Camp Fire Girls in good

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PROLOGUE.

This romance of Freckles and the Angel of the Limberlost is one of the most novel, entertaining, wholesome and fascinating stories that have come from the pen of an American author in many years. The characters in this sylvan tale are:

- Freckles, a plucky wail who guards the Limberlost timber leases and dreams of angels.

- The Swamp Angel, in whom Freckles' sweetest dream materializes.

- McLean, a member of a lumber company, who befriends Freckles.

- Mrs. Duncan, who gives mother love and a home to Freckles.

- Duncan, head teamster of McLean's timber gang.

- The Bird Woman, who is collecting camera studies of birds for a book.

- Lord and Lady O'More, who come from Ireland in quest of a lost relative.

- The Man of Affairs, brusque of manner, but big of heart.

- Wesner, a timber thief who wants rascally made easy.

- Black Jack, a villain to whom thought of repentance comes too late.

(Continued from last week's issue)

SYNOPSIS.

Freckles, a homeless boy, is hired by Ben McLean to guard the expensive timber in the Limberlost from timber thieves.

Freckles does his work faithfully, makes friends with the birds and yearns to know more about nature. He lives with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

He resolves to get books and educate himself. He becomes interested in a huge pile of volumes and calls his bird friends his "chickens."

Some of the trees he is guarding are worth \$1,000 each. Freckles' books arrive. He receives a call from Wesner.

Wesner attempts to bribe Freckles to betray his trust, and Freckles whips him. McLean overhears them and witnesses the fight.

Freckles' honesty saves a precious tree. He finds the nest of the vulture and is visited by a beautiful young girl.

She calls Freckles McLean's son. Freckles calls her "the angel" and helps the Bird Woman in taking photographs. McLean promises to adopt Freckles.

Freckles and the angel become very friendly. Assisted by the Bird Woman, they drive Wesner and Black Jack, timber thieves, from the Limberlost.

McLean fears more trouble, but Freckles insists upon being the sole guard of the timber. Freckles calls upon the angel's father.

The angel receives him as her equal, and her father is kind. Mrs. Duncan has exciting adventures in the Limberlost.

The Bird Woman and the angel again visit Freckles, and Freckles falls in love with the angel. The angel kisses him.

Freckles is bound and gagged by Black Jack's gang, and the timber thieves start falling a very valuable tree.

Freckles laughed. "Why, Mr. McLean, don't you let a woman's nervous system set you worrying over me," he said. "I'm not darning how she felt, because I've been through it myself, but that's all over and gone. It's the height of me glory to fight it out with the old swamp and all that's in it or will be coming to it and then to turn it over to you, as I promised you and myself I'd do, sir. You couldn't break the heart of me entire quicker than to be taking it from me now when I'm just on the home stretch. You mustn't let a woman get mixed up with business, for I've always heard about how it's bringing trouble."

The Bird Woman and the angel arrived on time for the third of the series and found McLean on the line talking to Freckles. The boss was filled with enthusiasm over a manuscript article of the Bird Woman's that he had just read. He begged to be allowed to accompany her into the swamp and watch the method by which she secured an illustration in such a location.

The Bird Woman explained to him that it was an easy matter with the subject she then had in hand, and as Little Chicken was too small to be frightened by him and large enough to be getting troublesome, she was glad of his company. They went to the chicken log together, leaving to

FRECKLES

By
Gene Stratton-
Porter

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the happy Freckles the care of the angel, who had brought her banjo and a roll of songs. The Bird Woman told them that they might go to Freckles' room and practice until she finished with Little Chicken, and then she and McLean would come to the concert.

It was almost three hours before they finished and came down the west trail. As they reached the bushes at the entrance the voice of the angel stopped them, for it was commanding and filled with much impatience.

"Freckles James Ross McLean," she was saying, "you fill me with dark blue despair! You're singing as if your voice was glass and liable to break at any minute. Why don't you sing as you did a week ago? You are a fraud! You led me to think that there was the making of a great singer in you, and now you are singing—do you know how badly you are singing?"

"Yes," said Freckles meekly. "I'm thinking I'm too happy to be singing well today. The music don't come right only when I'm lonesome and sad. The world's for being all sunshine at present, for among you and Mr. McLean and the Bird Woman I'm after being that happy that I can't keep me thoughts on me notes. It's more than sorry I am to be disappointing you. Play it over, and I'll be beginning again, and this time I'll hold hard."

"Well," said the angel, "it seems to me that if I had all the things to be proud of that you have I'd lift up my head and sing!"

"And what is it I've to be proud of, ma'am?" politely inquired Freckles.

"Why, a whole worldful of things," cried the angel explosively. "For one thing, you can be good and proud over the way you've kept the timber thieves out of this lease and the trust your father has in you. You can be proud over the way every one speaks of you. I heard a man say a few days ago that the Limberlost was full of disagreeable things—poetical dangers, unhealthy as it could be, and that since the memory of the first settlers it has been a rendezvous for runaways, thieves and murderers. This swamp is named for a man that got here and wandered around 'till he starved. That man I was talking with said he wouldn't take your job for \$1,000 a month—in fact, he said he wouldn't have it for any money, and you're never missed a day or lost a tree. Proud! Why, I should think you would just parade around about proper over that!"

"And you can always be proud that you are born an Irishman. My father is Irish, and if you wait to see him just get up and strut give him a teeny opening to enlarge on his race. He says that if the Irish had decent territory they'd lead the world. He says they've always been handicapped by lack of space and of fertile soil. He says if Ireland had been as big and fertile as Indiana, why, England wouldn't ever have had the upper hand. She'd just be a little appendage. Fency England an appendage! He says Ireland has the finest orators and the keenest statesmen in Europe today, and when England wants to fight with whom does she fill her trenches? Irishmen, of course! Ireland has the greenest grass and trees, the finest stones and lakes, and they're jaunty cars. I don't know just exactly what they are, but Ireland has all there are anyway. They've a lot of great actors and a few singers, and there never was a sweeter poet than one of theirs. You should hear my father recite 'Dear Harp of My Country.' He does it this way."

The angel rose, made an elaborate old time bow and, holding up the banjo, recited in clipping feet and meter, with rhythmic swing and a touch of brogue:

"Dear harp of my country" (the angel ardently clasped the banjo), "in darkness I found thee" (she held it up to the light); "The cold chain of alliance had hung o'er thee long" (she muted the strings with her rosy palm); "Then proudly, my own Irish harp, I rebound thee" (she threw up her head and swept a ringing harmony), "And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song" (she crashed into the notes of the accompaniment she had been playing for Freckles).

"That's what you want to be thinking off!" she cried. "Not darkness and lonesomeness and sadness, but 'light, freedom and song.' I can't begin to think off hand of all the big, splendid things an Irishman has to be proud of, but whatever they are they are all yours and you are a part of them. I just despise that 'saddest when I sing' business. You can sing! Now you go over there and do it! I'm going to come down the aisle playing that accompaniment, and when I stop in front of you you sing!"

The angel's face wore an unusual flush. Her eyes were flashing, and she was palpitating with earnestness. She parted the bushes and disappeared. Freckles, straight as a young pine and with the tenderness of a war horse scenting battle, stood waiting. Presently, before he saw she was



"IN DARKNESS I FOUND THEE!"

there, she was coming down the aisle toward him, playing compellingly, and rifts of light were touching her with golden glory. Freckles stood as if transfixed.

The blood rioted in his veins.

The cathedral was majestically beautiful, from arched dome of frescoed gold, green and blue in never ending shades and harmonies to the mosaic aisle she trod, richly inlaid in choicest colors and gigantic pillars that were God's handiwork fashioned and perfected down through ages of sunshine and rain. But the fair young face and divinely molded form of the angel were his most perfect work of all. Never had she looked so surpassingly beautiful.

She was smiling encouragingly now, and as she came toward him she struck the chords full and strong.

The heart of poor Freckles almost burst with dull pain and his great love for her. In his desire to fulfill her expectations he forgot everything else, and when she reached his left hand he was ready. He literally burst forth:

"Three little leaves of Irish green United on one stem. Love, truth and valor do they mean. They form a magic gem."

The angel's eyes widened curiously, and her lips fell apart. A heavier color swept into her cheeks. She had intended to rouse him. She had succeeded with a vengeance. She was too young to know that is the effort to rouse a man women frequently kindle fires that they can neither quench nor control. Freckles was looking out over her head now and single that song as it had never been sung before for her alone, and instead of her helping him, as she had intended, he was carrying her with him on the waves of his voice away, away into a world she knew not of. When he struck into the chorus, wide eyed and panting, she was swaying toward him and playing for dear life to keep up.

"Oh, do you love? Oh, say you love. You love the shamrock green!"

At the last note Freckles' voice died away and his eyes fastened on the angel's. He had given his best and all his. He felt on his knees and folded his arms across his breast. The angel, as if magnetized, walked straight down the aisle to him and, running her fingers into the crisp masses of his red hair, tilted his head back and laid her lips on his forehead.

Then she stepped back and faced him. "Good boy!" she said in a voice that wavered from the throbbing of her shaken heart. "Dear boy! I know you could do it! I knew it was in you! Freckles, when you go out into the world, if you can face a great audience and sing like that, just once, you will be immortal, and anything you want will be yours."

"Anything?" gasped Freckles. "Anything," said the angel. Freckles foud his feet, muttered something and, catching up his old bucket, plunged into the swamp blindly on a pretense of getting water. The angel walked slowly across the study and sat down on the rustic bench and through narrowed lids intently studied the tip of his shoe.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRECKLES' BUTTERFLIES.

ON the trail the Bird Woman wheeled on McLean with a dumfounded look.

"Do you think the angel knew she did that?" she asked softly.

"No," said McLean. "I do not. But the poor boy knew it. Heaven help him!"

The Bird Woman stared across the gently waving swale. "I don't see how I am going to blame her," she said at last. "It's so exactly what I would have done myself."

"Say the rest," demanded McLean hoarsely. "Do him justice."

"He is a born gentleman," conceded the Bird Woman. "He took no advantage. He never even offered to touch her. Whatever that kiss meant to him, he recognized it was the loving impulse of a child under stress of strong emotion. He was fine and manly as any man ever could have been."

McLean lifted his hat. "Thank you," he said simply and parted the bushes for her to enter Freckles' room.

It was her first visit, and before she left she sent for her camera and made studies of each side of it and of the cathedral. She was entranced with the delicate beauty of the place, and her eyes kept following Freckles as if she could not believe that it could be his conception and work.

That was a happy day. The Bird

Woman had brought a lunch, and they spread it, with Freckles' dinner, on the study floor and sat about, resting and enjoying themselves. But the angel put her banjo into its case, silently gathered up her music, and no one mentioned the concert.

The Bird Woman left McLean and the angel to clear away the lunch and with Freckles examined the walls of his room and told him all she knew about his shrubs and flowers. She analyzed a cardinal flower and showed him what he had all summer wanted to know—why the bees buzzed incessantly about it while the humming birds found in it an ever ready feast. Some of his specimens were so rare that she was unfamiliar with them, and with the flower book between them they knelt, studying the different varieties. She wandered the length of the cathedral aisle with him, and it was at her suggestion that he lighted his altar with a row of flaming foxfire.

As Freckles came up to the cabin from his long day at the swamp he saw Mrs. Chicken weeping away to the south and wondered where she was going. He stepped into the bright, cozy little kitchen, and as he reached down the wash basin he asked Mrs. Duncan a question.

"Mother Duncan, do kisses wash off?"

"Lord, no, Freckles!" she cried. "At least the ones you get from people ya love dinna. They dinna stay on the outside. They strike in until they find the center of your heart and make their stoppage place there, and naething can take them from ye—I doubt if even death. Na, lad, ye can be sure kisses dinna wash off."

Freckles set the basin down and muttered, "I seedn't be afraid to let a wash-log, then, for that one struck in." "I wish," said Freckles at breakfast one morning, "that I had some way to be sending a message to the Bird Woman. I've something down at the swamp that I'm believing never happened before, and surely she'll be wanting it."

"What now, Freckles?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Why, the oddest thing you ever heard of," said Freckles. "The whole insect tribe gone on a spree. I'm supposing it's my fault, but it all happened by accident-like. You see, on the swale side of the line, right against me trail, there's one of these scrub wild crab trees. Where the grass grows thick about it is the finest place you ever conceived of for snakes. Having women about has set me trying to cress out those fellows a bit, and yesterday I noticed that tree in passing. It struck me that it would be a good idea to be taking it out. First I thought I'd take me heichet and cut it down, for it ain't thicker than me upper arm. Then I remembered how it was blooming in the spring and filling all the air with sweetness. The coloring of the blossoms is beautiful, and I hated to be killing it. I just cut the grass short all about it. Then I started at the ground, trimmed up the trunk near the height of me shoulder and left the top spreading. That made it look so truly ornamental that, like me, I chips off the rough places neat, and this morning, on me soul, it's a sight. You see, cutting off the limbs and trimming up the trunk sets the sap running. In this hot sun it ferments in a few hours. There isn't much room for more things to crowd on that tree these there are, and to get drunker isn't noways possible."

"Well, I be drawn on!" exclaimed Mrs. Duncan. "What kind of things do ye mean, Freckles?"

"Why, just an army of black sets. Some of them are sucking away like old toppers. Some of them are setting up on their tails and hied legs, daddling away with their fers legs, and wiping their eyes. Some are rolling around on the ground, contented. There are quantities of big bluebottle flies over the bark and hanging on the grasses about, too drunk to steer a course flying, so they just huzz away like dying and all the time sitting still. The snake feeders are too full to feed anything, even more sap to themselves. There's a lot of hard backed bugs—beetles, I guess—colored like the brown, blue and black of a peacock's tail. They hang on until the legs of them are so weak they can't stick a minute longer, and then they break away and fall to the ground. They just lay there on their backs, fably clawing air. When it wears off a bit, up they get and go crawling back for more, and they so full they bump into each other and roll over. Sometimes they can't climb the tree until they wait to sober up a little. There's a lot of big black and gold bumblebees, done for entire, stumbling over the bark and rolling on the ground. They just lay there on their backs, rocking from side to side, singing to themselves like fat, happy babies. The wild bees keep up a steady buzzing with the beating of their wings."

"The butterflies are the worst old toppers of them all. They're just a circus. You never saw the best of the beauties! They come every color you could be naming and every shape you could be thinking up. They drink and drink until if I'm driving them away they stagger as they fly and turn somersaults in the air. If I have them alone they cling to the grasses, shivering happy-like, and I'm blest, Mother Duncan, if the best of them could be unlocking the front door with a lead pencil, even."

"I never heard of anything so surprising," said Mrs. Duncan.

"It's a rare sight to watch them, and no one ever made a picture of a thing like that before, I'm for thinking," said Freckles earnestly.

"Na," said Mrs. Duncan. "Ye can be pretty sure there dinna. The Bird Woman must have word in some way if ye walk the line and I walk to

town and tell her."

Freckles took his lunch and went down to the swamp. He could find no trace of anything, yet he felt a tense nervousness, as if trouble might be brooding. He came around to his room and cautiously scanned the entrance before he stepped in. Then he pushed the bushes apart with his right arm and entered, his left hand on the butt of his favorite revolver. Instantly he knew that some one had been there. He could find no trace of a clew to confirm his belief, yet so intima was he with the spirit of the place that he knew.

He was most sure about the case. Nothing was disturbed, yet it seemed to Freckles that he could see where prying fingers had tried the lock. He stepped back of the case, carefully examining the ground all about it, and close by the tree to which it was nailed he found a deep, fresh footprint in the spongy soil—a long, narrow print, that was never made by the foot of Wesner. The feeling rose that he was being watched.

Growing restive at last under the strain, he plunged boldly into the swamp and searched minutely all about his room, but he could not discover the least thing to give him further cause for alarm. Every rod he traveled he used the caution that sprang from knowledge of danger and the direction from which it would probably come. Several times he thought of sending for McLean, but for his life he could not make up his mind to do it with nothing more tangible than one footprint to justify him.

He waited until he was sure Duncan would be at home, if he were coming for the night, before he went up to



HE FOUND A DEEP, FRESH FOOTPRINT.

supper. The first thing he saw as he crossed the swale was the big bays in the yard.

There had been no one passing that day, and Duncan readily agreed to watch until Freckles rode to town. He told Duncan of the footprint and urged him to watch closely. Duncan said he might rest easy and, filling his pipe and taking a good revolver, went down to the Limberlost.

Freckles made himself clean and neat and raced for town, but it was night and the stars were shining before he reached the home of the Bird Woman. As he neared the steps he saw that the place was swarming with young people, and the angel, with an excuse to a group that surrounded her, came scurrying up to him.

"Oh, Freckles!" she cried. "So you could get off? We were so afraid you could not. I'm as glad as I can be."

"I don't understand," said Freckles. "Were you expecting me?"

"Why, of course," exclaimed the angel. "Haven't you come to my party? Didn't you get my invitation? I sent you one."

"By mail?" asked Freckles.

"Yes," said the angel. "I had to help with the preparations, and I couldn't find time to drive out. But I wrote you a letter and told you that the Bird Woman was giving a party for me and we wanted you to come sure. I told them at the office to put it with Mr. Duncan's mail."

"Then that's likely where it is at present," said Freckles. "Duncan only comes to town once a week and at times not that. He's home tonight for the first in a week. He's watching an hour for me until I was coming to the Bird Woman with a bit of work I thought she'd be caring to hear about. Is she where I can see her?"

The angel's face clouded.

"What a disappointment!" she cried. "I did so want all my friends to know you. Can't you stay anyway?"

Freckles glanced from his wading boots to the patent leathers of some of the angel's friends near by and smiled whimsically, but there was no danger of his ever misjudging her again.

"You know I cannot, angel," he said. "I am afraid I do," she said ruefully. "It's too bad. But there is a thing I want for you more than to come to my party, and that is to hang on and win with your work. I think of you every day, and I just pray that those thieves are not getting ahead of you. Oh, Freckles, do watch closely!"

She was so lovely a picture as she stood before him, ardent in his cause, that Freckles could not take his eyes from her to notice what her friends were thinking. If she did not mind, why should he? Anyway, if they really were the angel's friends probably they were better accustomed to her ways than he.

"Must I go for the Bird Woman?" she pleaded.

"Indeed, ye must," answered Freckles firmly.

The angel returned to say that the Bird Woman was telling a story to those inside and she could not come for a short time.

"You won't come in?" she pleaded.

"I must not," said Freckles. "I am not dressed to be among your friends."

"Then," said the angel, "we mustn't go through the house, because it would disturb the story, but I want you to come around the outside way to the conservatory and have some of my birthday lunch and get some cake to take to Mrs. Duncan and the babies."

The night was warm and the angel most beautiful and kled. A sort of triple delirium of spirit, mind and body seized upon Freckles and developed a boldness all unnatural. He slightly parted the heavy curtains that separated the conservatory from the company and looked in. He almost stopped breathing. He had read of things like that, but he had never seen them.

"Do you suppose heaven is any finer than that?" asked Freckles.

The angel burst into a laugh.

"Do you want to be laughing harder than that?" queried Freckles.

"A laugh is always good," said the angel. "A little more avoldpolis won't hurt me. Go ahead."

"Well, then," said Freckles, "it's only that I feel all over as if I belonged in there. I could wear fine clothes and move over those floors and hold me own against the best of them."

"But where does my laugh come in?" demanded the angel as if she had been defrauded.

"And you ask me where the laugh comes in, looking me in the face after that," marveled Freckles.

"I wouldn't be so foolish as to laugh at such a manifest truth as that," said the angel. "Any one that knows you ever half as well as I do knows that you are never guilty of a discourtesy and you move with twice the grace of any man here. Why shouldn't you feel as if you belonged where people are graceful and courteous?"

"On me soul," said Freckles, "you are kind to be thinking it. You are doubly kind to be saying it."

The curtains parted, and a woman came toward them. Her silks and laces trailed along the polished floors. The lights gleamed on her neck and arms and flashed from rare jewels. She was smiling brightly and until she spoke Freckles had not fully realized that it was his loved Bird Woman.

Noticing his bewilderment, she cried, "Why, Freckles, don't you know me in my war clothes?"

"I do in the uniform in which you fight the Limberlost," said Freckles.

The Bird Woman broke into a laugh. Then he told her why he had come.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPTURED BY BLACK JACK.

AS they talked the angel was busy packing a box of sandwiches, cake, fruit and flowers. She gave him a last frosty glass, thanked him repeatedly for bringing news of new material, and then Freckles went out into the night. He rode for the Limberlost with his eyes on the stars.

The one thing Freckles knew that he could do was to sleep. The Duncan heard him coming a mile up the corduroy and could not believe their senses. Freckles unfastened the box from his belt and gave Mrs. Duncan said the children all the eatables it contained, except one big piece of cake that he carried to the sweet loving Duncan. He put the flowers back in the box and set it up among his books. He did not say anything, but they understood it was not to be touched.

Then Freckles started for the swamp. As he rode he sang, and as he sang he worshipped, but the god he tried to glorify was a dim and far-away mystery. The angel was warm flesh and blood.

With the near approach of dawn Freckles tuned his last note. Winded almost to falling, he turned from the trail into the path leading to the cabin for a few hours' rest.

As Freckles left the trail from the swale near the south entrance four large, muscular men rose up and swiftly and carefully entered the swamp by the wagon road. Two of them carried a big saw, the third coils of rope and wire, and all were heavily armed. They left one man on guard at the entrance. The other three made their way through the darkness and soon were at Freckles' room. He had left the swamp on his wheel from the west trail. They counted on his returning on the wheel and circling the east line before he came there.

A little below the west entrance to Freckles' room Black Jack stepped into the swale and, binding a wire tight about a scrub oak, carried it below the waving grasses, stretched it taut across the trail and fastened it to a tree in the swamp. Then he obliterated all signs of his work and arranged the grass over the wire until it was so completely covered that only minute examination would reveal it. They entered Freckles' room with coarse oaths and jests. In a few moments his specimen cases with its precious contents was rolled back into the swamp and the saw was eating into one of the finest trees of the Limberlost.

As soon as Freckles was well down the east line the watch was posted below the room on the west to report his coming. It was but a few moments before the signal came. Then the saw stopped, and the rope was brought out and uncoiled near a sapling. Wesner and Black Jack crowded to the very edge of the swamp a little above the wire and crouched, waiting.

(Continued next week.)

East Kentucky Correspondence News You Get Nowhere Else

No correspondence published unless signed in full by the writer. The name is not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write plainly.

SWAT.

Swat! Swat! Swat!
Though the weather be cold or hot,
In the sun or the rain,
You must hit 'em again.
So Swat! Swat! Swat!

A whack for each germ he's got.
Though he's only a fly,
You must help him to die.
So Swat! Swat! Swat!

Swat! Swat! Swat!
Till you've killed the whole bloomin' lot.
Be they house or horse,
They have germs, of course.
So Swat! Swat! Swat!

No matter what else is forgot,
Though the neighbors be bounding
About all the pounding,
You must Swat! Swat! Swat!

Swat! Swat! Swat!
Rejoice at each one that you've got,
For each fly that you kill
Makes some bacillus nil.
So Swat! Swat! Swat!

Some Fly Don'ts

DON'T allow flies in your house.
DON'T permit them near your food, especially milk.
DON'T buy feedstuff where flies are tolerated.
DON'T have feeding places where flies can load themselves with dejections from typhoid or dysentery patients.
DON'T allow your fruits and confections to be exposed to the swarms of flies.
DON'T let flies crawl over the baby's mouth and swarm upon the nipple of its nursing bottle.

JACKSON COUNTY

FOR COUNTY SUPT. OF JACKSON COUNTY

Kerby Knob, Ky., June 18, 1912.
It is now no unusual thing for women to serve as County Superintendents, and in other high educational positions. A number of counties of this state have secured notable service from their women superintendents, for example:

Cora Wilson Stewart has won national fame by her very efficient service as superintendence of Rowan County schools.

The great schools of Chicago are ably managed by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young.

Mary Lyon, like the undersigned, was a poor mountain girl. She struggled against great odds to secure an education but succeeded and became the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary which made possible for the first time in the history of the world a general, liberal education for girls.

Having taught in the public schools of Jackson County seven years, at Burning Springs in Clay County eight months and in the Foundation Schools of Berea College, two terms, I feel that I could serve my county efficiently in the office of Superintendent.

So, in response to many requests, I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of County Superintendent of Schools of Jackson County, and I ask all friends of education to fall in line and unite irrespective of party in my support, thus securing a Superintendent of Schools, who is a promoter of education rather than a politician.

Anna Powell.

McKEE

McKee, Aug. 12.—The Teachers' Institute was held here last week. Prof. Sharon failed to be here and Prof. Lewis of Berea took his place as instructor. The teachers seemed to receive a great deal of benefit from the Institute. Several people from this place attended the dedication of the church at Sand Gap last Sunday. Eleven people were baptized near the Sparks school house last Sunday. A large crowd from here attended. Miss Alma Rader of Annville visited friends here last week. —W. H. Clark has been in Louisville for several days. —Elice Fowler, who has been sick for some time, is improving. —H. F. Muter and wife came back to this place last week. —Miss Lula Farmer of Berea has been visiting here for a few days. —Bill Bennett and family have gone to Lexington to attend the fair this week. —J. H. Hays' horse died last week. He was valued at \$200. —Harry and Lucille Collier visited at G. I. Rader's at Annville last week. —A baseball game was played last Thursday between the teachers and the town team. The town team won by the score of 6 to 0. —The Junior Kings Daughters gave an entertainment on the first night of the Institute. The proceeds go to the Home of Incurables in Louisville. —School begins at McKee Academy on the 12th of this month.

GRAYHAWK

Gray Hawk, Aug. 12.—Corn crops in

this section are fine. —Neal Moore and Co. are drilling a well for D. Young, this week. —G. H. Hegley sold his J. B. Bingham farm to Jas. Brumback. —A. I. Privett made a business trip to Wm. Hays one day, this week. —Our quarterly meeting passed off nicely, with Mr. T. R. Stratton presiding. —Floyd Hays is planning to go to McKee, Monday, to school for about six months. —Death entered the house of J. R. Bingham and took from its circle a friend and brother, Uncle Jackey Jones. He was 76 years old and a good quiet Christian man. He was a Methodist.

CARICO

Carico, Aug. 12.—We are having good rains and crops are looking fine. —Five of Able Gabbard's children have typhoid fever. —Bill Baker killed a large rattlesnake near his house, Friday. —The little infant of Isaac Himes is very sick with a large boil on its hip. —Orbin Smith is improving very slowly. —There was a large protracted meeting at Letter Box last week. —Mrs. Cosby Cole is not in good health. —Dr. Hornsby of McKee made a professional call at S. R. Robert's the 7th last. —The little son, Clifford, of S. L. Roberts got burned to death in a kettle of boiling water, the 7th, and was buried the 8th. He was 3 years and 25 days old.

KERRY KNOB

Kerry Knob, Aug. 10.—We are having lots of rain in this community. —Mr. and Mrs. Riley Gabbard are visiting friends at Sand Gap, this week. —Grover Gabbard has gone into the business. —Jake Gabbard is hauling goods for J. F. Engle, this week. —Floyd and Willie Callahan are visiting friends at this place, this week. —David Gabbard is building a chimney for W. M. Baker. —J. R. Hays lost a fine horse, this week. —Willie Gabbard, Leonard and Roy Morris made a business trip to Sand Gap, Saturday. —The Teachers Association in Educational Division No. 1 will be held at Indian Creek School house the fourth Saturday in this month. Quite an extensive program will be rendered.

Kerry Knob, Aug. 12.—Elijah Hatfield has been quite ill for the past few days. —Little Vertie Johnson who got her arm broke by falling from an apple tree is improving nicely. Her parents are planning to send her to the Danville school for the deaf in Sept. If she is able. —It seems that everybody attended the dedication at Sand Gap, Sunday. —Little China Click received a serious burn, Sunday. —Myrtle Click who is taking nursing at the Berea Hospital was spending the month of Aug. with home folks, but was called to Paris, this week. She will return to Kerby Knob again, Saturday. —Miss Viola Click and a friend of hers of Berea spent Saturday night and Sunday of last week with her father, D. M. Click. —Stella Wild of Clover Bottom spent last week with her sister at this place. —Mr. and Mrs. Malt Spivey's baby has been quite ill for the past few weeks.

NATHANTON

Nathantion, Aug. 10.—Mrs. L. J. Hoskins of Clay County spent last week with relatives at this place and McKee. —A large crowd attended church at Union, Saturday and Sunday. —Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Holcomb and family of Oklahoma, are visiting friends and relatives here. —Mrs. Currey who has been making her home with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Evans, is visiting friends in Lee County. —Serilda Hurst spent a few days last week with her uncle John Hurst who has been employed as brakeman on a train in Ohio for some time, is spending a few days with home folks. —B. H. Holcomb, teacher of this place, after attending the Teachers Institute at McKee for the past week has returned to resume work. Taking advantage of the opportunity several of his pupils spent Thursday afternoon in beautifying the school house and surroundings. —Ernest Cains and Miss Bowman, daughter of James Bowman, of Island City, were married last Friday.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY

ROCKFORD

Rockford, Aug. 12.—Thos Ogg and family were in Rockford, Sunday. —J. J. Martin, wife and little son were also in Rockford, Sunday. —Dad and Mamie Todd are doing their little chores but are very feeble. —Jno. D. Thomas and W. T. Linville left here last night on the lookout for work. —J. W. Todd is getting out a lot of shingles for H. H. Collier of Richmond. —Corn crops are looking fine after the heavy rain, Friday. —W. H. Stephens is building a new kitchen. —Rev. G. E. Childress of Johnette, filled his regular appointment at Fair View Saturday and Sunday and will

also begin a protracted meeting at Macedonia next Sunday night which will continue several days. Everybody is invited. —Such an apple crop has never been witnessed before for many years. —Mrs. M. J. Thomas is very sick at this writing. —Mrs. Coyle and daughter are improving fast. There is talk of extending the phone line thru Scaffold Creek to Ketron's residence.

GAULEY

Gauley, Aug. 10.—Married, Mr. Orbin Glien to Miss Loty Sames, last week. —Died, Uncle Ervin Miller, aged 76. He leaves a wife and three sons to mourn his loss. He was buried at Red Hill on the 7th. —Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard have moved from Meritaburg. —G. W. Murphy is sick this week. —Al Vnughn who got his thumb cut off in the quarry is getting along nicely. —Several went to the Mt. Vernon fair from this place and report a nice time. —A protracted meeting will begin at New Bethel church this week. Rev. H. L. Ponder will conduct the services.

MADISON COUNTY

HIGH HILL

High Hill, Aug. 11.—Next Saturday



"I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul."—Isaiah, xxxviii, 16.

"I shall go softly all my years"—

Thus said a saddened king of old,
When through the mistiness of tears
He saw the grief his days must hold.
And he went softly—all his days
Were days that glowed with gentleness.
The paths of peace his chosen ways.
In time his griefs he came to bless.

There is an echo for each laugh—

An echo from the ones who hear.
But they have fellowship who quaff
The bitter drink brewed from a tear.
The man who knows of sorrow's weight
Is never in that woe alone;
The mystic brotherhood of fate
Gives him a thousand friends unknown.

He knows the grief that others feel
By what is tugging at his heart;
Of all the blows that life may deal
To others, he would bear his part.
Grief has a wondrous softening;
It betters every soul it sears;
Though it touch commoner or king
He goes more softly all his years.

A softer cadence fills his songs;

A truer grasp is in his hands.
For, out of seeming bitter wrongs,
He comes at last to understand
The heartbeats of his fellow men,
The clinging of their hopes and fears.
When grief brings her message, then
He goes more softly all his years.



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and Sunday Rev. J. W. Parsons will preach at Pilot Knob church. —L. C. Powell has added the remainder of his merchandise to G. W. Lucas and M. D. Settle. He expects to go into the fur business. —Jake Haley and M. D. Settle have combined their business. —Buzz Rogers and Miss Eva Murphy were quietly married at the home of R. L. Ambrose's last Thursday. —Mrs. Julia Crump who has been visiting relatives here the past week has returned to her home in Lexington. —Miss Bessie Johnson of Silver Creek is spending a few days with Lucy Hayes, this week. —The Johnson Reunion is the 15th of August. Every one invited. Go and enjoy the day. —School at this place and Narrow Gap is progressing nicely with Miss Adella Fox and Miss Lucy Hayes as teachers. —Oscar Hayes who is teaching the Beach Grove school has a census enrollment of fifty-eight pupils, and he has enrolled fifty-nine. —Mallory Springs School which is being conducted by Achilles Webb has good attendance. —D. W.

Casteel who has owned the Mallory Springs farm for quite a while has sold to Mr. Edds near Richmond. —Mrs. Kate Green has been quite sick for a few days. —Corn looks well in this neighborhood. —S. C. Carrier has returned from London where he spent a few days. —Rev. R. L. Ambrose is building a barn for C. H. Arnet at Dunuth. —Mr. and Mrs. Camille Neely's baby who has been very sick is much better.

BLUE LICK

Blue Lick, Aug. 11.—Mr. Jas. Manpin of this place and Miss Bertin Alexander were quietly married at the bride's home near Big Hill on Wednesday, July 31st, Rev. Bryant officiating. They left the following Sunday for Clermont, Ind., where they will reside. Many good wishes go with them. —Geo. Bratcher visited friends at White Hall from Thursday till Saturday. —Mrs. B. H. Robelin of Berea will preach at Blue Lick church, Sunday, Aug. 18th, at 3:30 p. m. Everybody come out to hear Mrs. Roberts. —Frank D. Johnson is slowly improving with the fever. —R. R. Harris who has been visiting his mother at this place returned to his home, Monday, in Min-

made a business trip to Irvine, Monday. —Mr. and Mrs. Ab Azbill attended the Methodist tent meeting at Taylors Fork last Sunday. —Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cornelison spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Golden.

HARTS

Harts, Aug. 12.—Bro. Harden did not fill his regular appointment, Sunday. —Bro. Children and other preachers will begin a protracted meeting at Macedonia church the third Sunday night. They will hold the meetings for several days. —Roy Gadd who has been working at Parlin on the railroad has returned home. —Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Browning gave a birthday party, Wednesday night, to quite a number of elderly people. —The Misses Ella and Dinkie Lake who attended the Institute at Mt. Vernon returned home. —T. J. Lake, the merchant, made a business trip to Lexington and Richmond the first of the week. —Forest Dowden went to Big Hill, Saturday, on business. —John W. Lake is now with home folks after a long visit at Hamilton, O. —Mrs. C. C. Logston who has consumption is improving slowly. —W. B. Lake is going to Richmond to work.

ESTILL COUNTY

WAGERSVILLE

Wagersville, Aug. 12.—Miss Fan Scribner was the pleasant guest of Miss Kate Wagers, Sunday. —Mrs. Allen Powell and two daughters, Myrtle and Edna, visited relatives in Berea the latter part of last week. —Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kelley came home, Saturday, after a pleasant visit with relatives in Berea. —Elder Winkler delivered a very interesting sermon at the Wagersville school house, Saturday night. —The Misses Nettie and Bertha Noland, Anna and Ida Flynn and the Messrs. W. Collins, Elton Hoover and Turner Lancaster visited Mrs. Bettie Sparks in Irvine, Saturday night and Sunday. —Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wagers, Mr. Abner Wilson and daughter, Mary, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kelley, Sunday. —Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Wilson and son, Louis, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Wagers, Sunday. —Joe Neal, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Jake Johnson died, the 7th, after a few days illness of brain fever. The bereaved parents have our deepest sympathy. —Mr. and Mrs. Wade Park are the proud parents of a girl, born the 8th.

LAUREL COUNTY

VIVA

Viva, Aug. 12.—Miss Lola Bently of Bentlyville is visiting the family of Rolley Bently. She will remain until after the London fair. —Mr. and Mrs. Steve Quilan and daughter, Nora, visited at James Quilans of Weaver, Saturday and Sunday. —Miss Etta Jensen who has been visiting for some time with her sisters at Louisville and Pinckard has returned home. She also visited at Lee Coalington at Richmond on her way home. —Geo. Spivy and family of Idamay are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Carrie Cloyd. —Morgan, the little son of John Gill, fell from a tree last week and was hurt very badly. —May Abrams has purchased a house and lot near East Bernstadt and will move to it soon. —Mrs. Lou Anderson of Carterville has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Kizzie Jones.

PITTSBURG

Pittsburg, Aug. 9.—Mrs. Rebecca A. Johnson is still very sick. —Services will be held at the East Pittsburg Baptist church, Saturday and Sunday. —Rev. David Asher has been chosen pastor of the New Salem Baptist church. He preached a very interesting sermon, Sunday. —Several from this place attended the services, conducted by Rev. E. E. Violet, at the Christian church at London. —Bleve Asher is drilling a well for the East Pittsburg church. —There was an ice cream supper given by the Red men in their hall last Saturday night. Miss Annie Gum was awarded a water-set as first prize for the most popular young lady present. Miss Annie Gilman was awarded a nice lamp and a second prize. Also, Mr. Bill Baxter received a pipe as being the ugliest man. —Miss S. J. Medley is very sick. —J. B. Evans attended the funeral of his brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Evnns, at Cumberland Gap, Sunday. —The Salvation Army left our quarters last week. —Mrs. Emma Evnns is very sick. She has lung trouble.

GARRARD COUNTY

PAINT LICK

Paint Lick, Aug. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Soper were the guests of Reuben Gabbard at Big Hill last Saturday and Sunday. —Mrs. Hardin Kidd has returned, after a few days visit with her parents at Wagersville. —Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mays were the guests of Mrs. Elizabeth McClinton last Sunday. —O. L. Gabbard and Steve Holcomb were the guests of C. C. Banton of Berea last Sunday. —Grandma Kidd is visiting her sons, Hardin and Jack Kidd, at present. —Mrs. Rachel Duck returned to her home last Saturday after spending several days with relatives at Junction City. She then visited Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Miller of Mt. Vernon. —Mr. Bill Guinn and Miss Pearl Bodkins are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Calo

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THE BEREAL HOSPITAL
BEREA, KY.

Guinn in Lincoln County, this week. —Dan Bodkins will leave this week for Crab Orchard Springs, where he will be treated for rheumatism. —The protracted meetings will begin at Wallaceston the second Monday night in August. The Rev. Duke of Louisville and Rev. Cornelius, the pastor, will conduct the meetings.

OWSLEY COUNTY

COW CREEK

Cow Creek, Aug. 10.—Crops are much in need of rain as we have had no rain for two weeks. —Miss Mollie E. Wilson visited Miss Mae Minter, recently. —C. B. Gabbard was at Booneville, Saturday, on business. —R. W. Minter and daughter, Mae, are visiting relatives in Breathitt County. —Estill Moore and Samuel Hicks have been out of school this week on account of sickness. —Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gabbard visited their son, Henry, Saturday night and Sunday. —Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Gabbard of Crockettville, and Mrs. Gabbard's sister, Mamie Ward of Hazard, were here, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Gabbard came to fill his preaching appointment. —Rev. H. S. Murdock of Buckhorn and Dr. Irwin of Louisville were here, recently. Dr. Irwin preached at Grassy Branch, his text being, "Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. 3: 20. It was considered a great sermon by all who heard him.)

ISLAND CITY

Island City, Aug. 9.—E. Flannery, deputy U. S. Marshal, was on Island Creek, Monday, and arrested Joe Sizemore and conveyed him to London. —Married, Aug. 3, Andrew Sizemore to Miss Ethel Margraves. —Robert Morris attended County Court at Booneville, Monday. —Harvey Briggs is building a couple of chimneys for G. B. Palmer. —Jesse Rowlett, the oil drummer, was calling on the merchants a few days ago.